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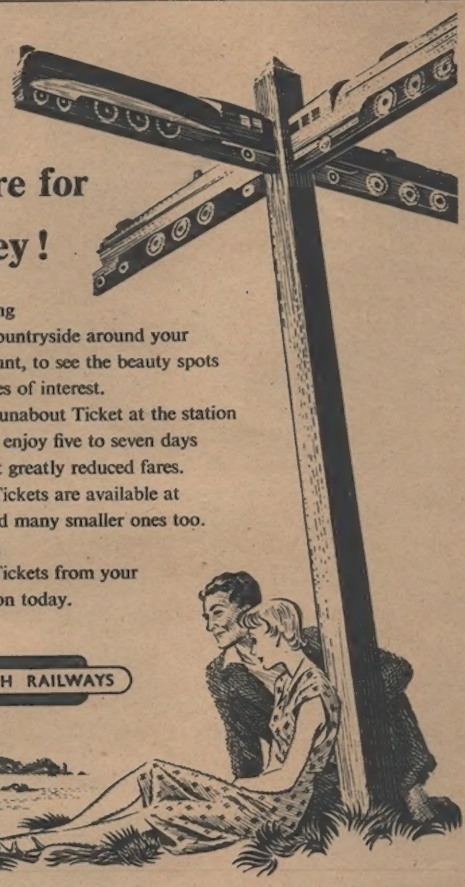

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EDITORIAL

Wanted: A code of behaviour for our National Parks

WHAT IS BEING DONE this summer in the Peak District, the Lake District and North Wales, puts some tasks and responsibilities squarely before every lover of outdoor holidays.

For members of the new National Parks Commission are now settling the boundaries of the first three parks soon to be dedicated as national playgrounds.

After that there will be a lot of committee and office work, and a little construction—signposting, improvement of paths and so forth—in the parks. Not enough to show; just enough to make rambling safer and more convenient. New roads? No. These are Natural Parks as well as National Parks. New hotels? Well, only on the outskirts, and if and when they are proved to be needed.

Then it's up to us.

Remember, the law says: "This is beautiful scenery and it shall stay beautiful." But on a Cumberland mountain or a Derbyshire moor we ourselves are the law.

Stroll today—in 1950—up one of the easier slopes of a much-frequented mountain like Great Gable, in Cumberland. A bit of orange peel here, a toffee paper there, and, beside a boulder, a soup tin with the label still clean and bright. Farther on, more tins, in varying stages of rustiness. The oldest may have been there for five years, the newest five days.

The mountain is marred. It is not so wild after all. It is more like a grocer's backyard.

YET the Lake District is not yet even officially dedicated as a park! What will this slope of Great Gable be like in the year 2000 when two more generations of ramblers and climbers have left their film spools and cigarette tins lying about?

Already residents and lifelong visitors to the fells comment indignantly: "You can't lift a boulder in Cumberland and Westmorland without uncovering somebody's rubbish!"

And certainly the summit cairns of Scafell, Helvellyn and Skiddaw have their crevices stuffed with assorted garbage. Lower down, the tarns are used as dustbins by picnickers. Too many people think that to throw something into water is to dispose of it inoffensively.

Yet, from above, tins shine through the clear waters of a mountain pool like mirrors. They dispel wild natural beauty just as effectively as ugly buildings. And, of course, they are liable to cut the feet of bathers.

Every rambler in the National Park areas can give other examples of rubbish-dumping which ruins the amenities. Even matches and cigarette ends littered about make squalor for people who come along later. Matches can always be pushed into the grass, and cigarettes not only hidden but safely extinguished under trodden-down flaps of damp turf.

EVIDENTLY the thoughtless people who drop bits everywhere — and even those who hide indestructible things under stones—will have to be checked and educated if the National Parks are not gradually to be turned into national rubbish-heaps.

The rule about all hard debris should be: "Bring it back with you." It is no great hardship for a person who has carried a full tin up to carry it down empty.

Rules of this kind should be incorporated in a National Park Code, similar to the Highway Code:

"Never foul a stream—remember that somebody else may drink from it lower down."

"Don't make a lot of unnecessary noise. One gang of screaming, yelling youngsters can spoil the peace of many miles of mountain."

"If you damage a stone wall, build it up again. The farmer put it there to keep his sheep in."

"For the same reason shut every gate behind you."

The Parks Commissioners will have to decide whether to ban dogs. Most of the parks will be sheep-farming areas. Visitors' dogs worry the sheep —and some people seem fatuously content to let their pets do this. Both they and their dogs will have to be educated before they can be given the run of the parks.

All these are essential points of behaviour in the future code for National Park users who roam off the roads into the wilder places. For those who do not leave their cars and coaches there are also do's and don'ts. Motorists need not hoot continuously on scenic roads. Coach parties should remember in Snowdonia that every day is not carnival day on the beach.

In fact, for everyone there are lessons to be learned in self-control and consideration for others if we are to make the most of our newly secured heritage. This summer is a good time to start learning.

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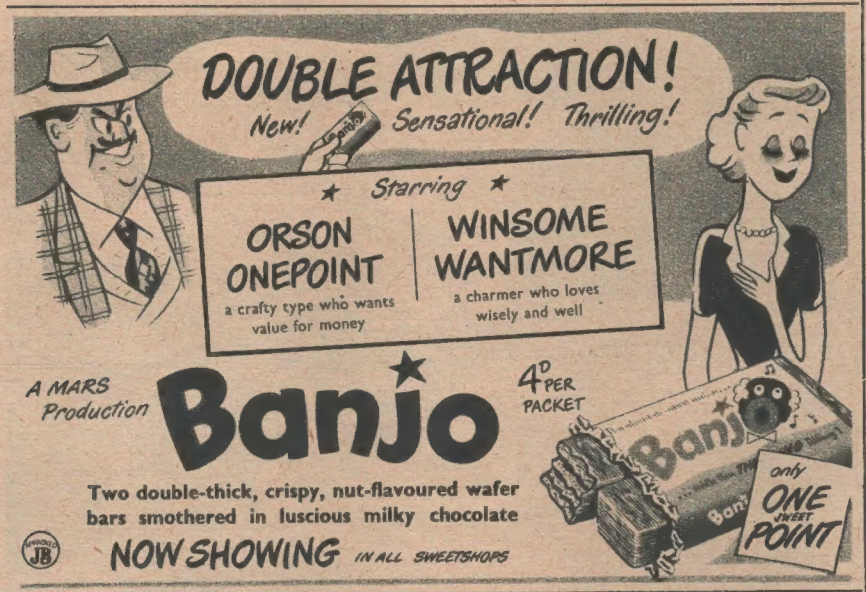
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FREE SPEECH

It's so nice to be back

BACK HOME AFTER ABOUT forty years in the U.S.A., I returned to the town where I was born. Visiting the Elizabethan house of my boyhood, now a furniture repository, I noticed the massive sanctuary-type door knocker was still there, although very rusty. Expecting to pay a good price for a genuine antique, I asked the proprietor if I might buy it.

Today I received a neat parcel containing the knocker, all nicely polished to reveal the finely hand-wrought pattern, and a letter asking me to accept it as a gift. This type of kindness is one of many I have received since arriving home. I shall stay put! —ALFRED NORRIS, 2 First Avenue, York.

Town Plan? It's Suicide

AS A NATIVE OF the Hartlepools I was especially interested in Dennis Holman's article, "Team That Changes Towns" (JOHN BULL, June 10). But a stranger to the district is given a false picture: he is not told about the Burn Valley Gardens Extension, as delightful a spot as one can find in the area; the Ward Jackson Park, a little gem; the cricket ground, which has been described as the second loveliest in Durham County. The new town plan means demolishing churches sacred to three generations of worshippers, and scrapping houses bought from the hard-won earnings of dockers and steelworkers with only a travesty of compensation. "People's attitude to the plan is governed by how it will affect them"—of course it is. Can you wonder that I for one regard it as a plan for the town's suicide?—WILLIAM HODGSON, 25 Duke Street, West Hartlepool, Co. Durham.

Mr. Punch: Not Guilty

JESSE PEARCE'S STATEMENT that Punch and Judy "makes *No Orchids for Miss Blandish* seem cissy stuff" ("Free Speech," June 10) is ridiculous. I admit the traditional story is not a moral one, but in all my experience as a designer and maker of Punch and Judy figures no one has ever complained that the show gave their children nightmares or made them start the rough stuff with the family pet. The figures are grotesque but certainly not hideous—scores of children want to be photographed holding Punch.—W. K., Gravesend, Kent.

Our Pride And Prejudice

I WAS APPALLED and disgusted at the treatment meted out to Gladys Samuels, her coloured husband and little child ("I Married An African," June 3). How we pride ourselves on our humanity—yet it seems we are just barbarians after all.—M. REES, 46 Walton Street, Glasgow.

. . . I have the misfortune to be a French woman married to a Britisher, and can sympathize with Mrs. Samuels. After eighteen years of residence here I am still not accepted; though I have done every possible thing to make some friends, I am treated as a leper.—MRS. H. D., Scotland.

. . . I am tired of reading about colour problems. I myself am coloured and have had more snubs and insults from negroes than whites. Maybe I am lucky, but my husband (also coloured) and I have always had access to any theatre, restaurant or dance hall locally or in London's West End.—MRS. E. T., Kent.

Jekyll And Hyde Japan

NO STORY HAS MOVED ME quite so much as "A Town Like Alice." Each instalment leaves me in nail-biting suspense. My husband, who is an export clerk, recently had to deal with a letter from a Japanese firm, couched in the typically over-polite phraseology. I suppose it is necessary to have relations with the people of this Jekyll and Hyde country, but may we never forget their treachery.—MRS. M. J. HULME, 36 Rivington Avenue, Windlehurst, St. Helens, Lancs.

. . . I have spent a considerable time with the Aussies, including periods in prison camps, and I don't think Joe Harman would say "Oh, my word!" More likely, "Oh, my oath!"—H. MCKENZIE, 17 Hutchison Cottages, Edinburgh.

"Oh, my word!"—tame as it sounds —is an authentic Australian expression.

Hundred Per Cent Proof

HAVING HAD EXPERIENCE, professionally, not personally, of the advice given to the wives of alcoholics after their husbands' treatment in a mental hospital, I disagree with Judith James over her "superb Martini" ("My Husband Is An Alcoholic," June 10). Her evening cocktail, mixed by her husband, is a proof of her strength and his weakness. To drink it in front of him is rather like a mother remarking to her child: "You walk on the pavement, Johnnie, as teacher taught you, and watch me walking in the road."—MRS. H. D., Hythe, Kent.

Bo-ball Comes To Britain

"BRITAIN'S BASEBALL CHAMPIONS" by Norman Phillips (JOHN BULL, June 10) made interesting reading for me, as I have just been introduced to the Scandinavian equivalent of baseball, called "bo-ball." One of my schoolteachers brought the game over from Finland. Bat and ball are the same as for baseball, but the field is in the shape of a triangle. Bo-ball calls for sharpness as well as speed and lusty hitting power. It is very popular with both boys and girls at our school.—R. M. C., Scotland.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

"LANDSCAPE painters don't normally attempt upright pictures—the problems are too numerous," says cover artist Rowland Hilder, R.I. "Working from notes and sketches made in the country, I tried eighteen different arrangements to arrive at this final version."

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Good! THE BEER IS STRONGER

beer is best

Plumber finds a 'regular' mate

Henry's a plumber, and he usually keeps misery on tap.

"What's the matter now," I asked him. "Found a bad cistern?"

"*Got a bad system, you might say,*" *dripped Henry, moodily.* "*The old tum lets me down every time. Just when everything in the bathroom was lovely — pipes bursting right and left — here I am feeling as heavy as lead.*"

"Time you overhauled your own pipes," I said.

"*Meaning what?*" *asked Henry, truculently.*

"Well," I said, "you've got a very fine piping job in your inside — a good thirty feet of it. Everything you put down has got to pass through it. But the muscles that do the pulling and pushing need something solid to grip on, and that's just what they don't get with the soft, starchy foods you eat nowadays."

"*What's that to me?*" *growled Henry.*

"Lagging in progress," I said, "which is to say constipation, and the feeling that you've just about plumbed the depths. Kellogg's All-Bran is the stuff you need."

"*Is that a medicine?*" *asked Henry, suspiciously.*

"It is *not*," I said. "It's a very delectable breakfast food which supplies your diet with *bulk*. This bulk is what your intestinal muscles need to work on. All-Bran'll make you 'regular' within a week."

"*I might try it,*" *said Henry.*

Some weeks later I ran into Henry again — looking as optimistic as a tap with a new washer. "How are the pipes?" I asked.

"*True as a bell,*" *chuckled Henry.* "*Never give me a moment's trouble now I'm on to All-Bran regularly. And 'regular' is what All-Bran makes me.*"

"You're plumb right," I said.

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN relieves constipation, keeps you "regular." Made from rich outer layers of whole wheat, deliciously oven-toasted with malt, salt and sugar. Makes a splendid breakfast, and many appetizing cakes, buns, and surprise dishes.

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Photo : F. N. G. Clarke, Hampton Court

Dr. Hamilton and his wife light stoves in their storeroom for temperature tests. His aim: to keep food cool without artificial refrigeration

Crusader in the grocer's shop

by MARJORIE EARL

The doctor is certain that cleaner handling of food will mean less disease. But he's not just preaching at tradesmen about it. He has bought a store himself and is showing them the way

WHEN DR. FRANCIS CECIL HAMILTON was a medical student in Dublin, he confronted a superior one day with a suggestion for a modification of the standard stethoscope. "Don't you think," he asked eagerly, "that this is a brainwave?"

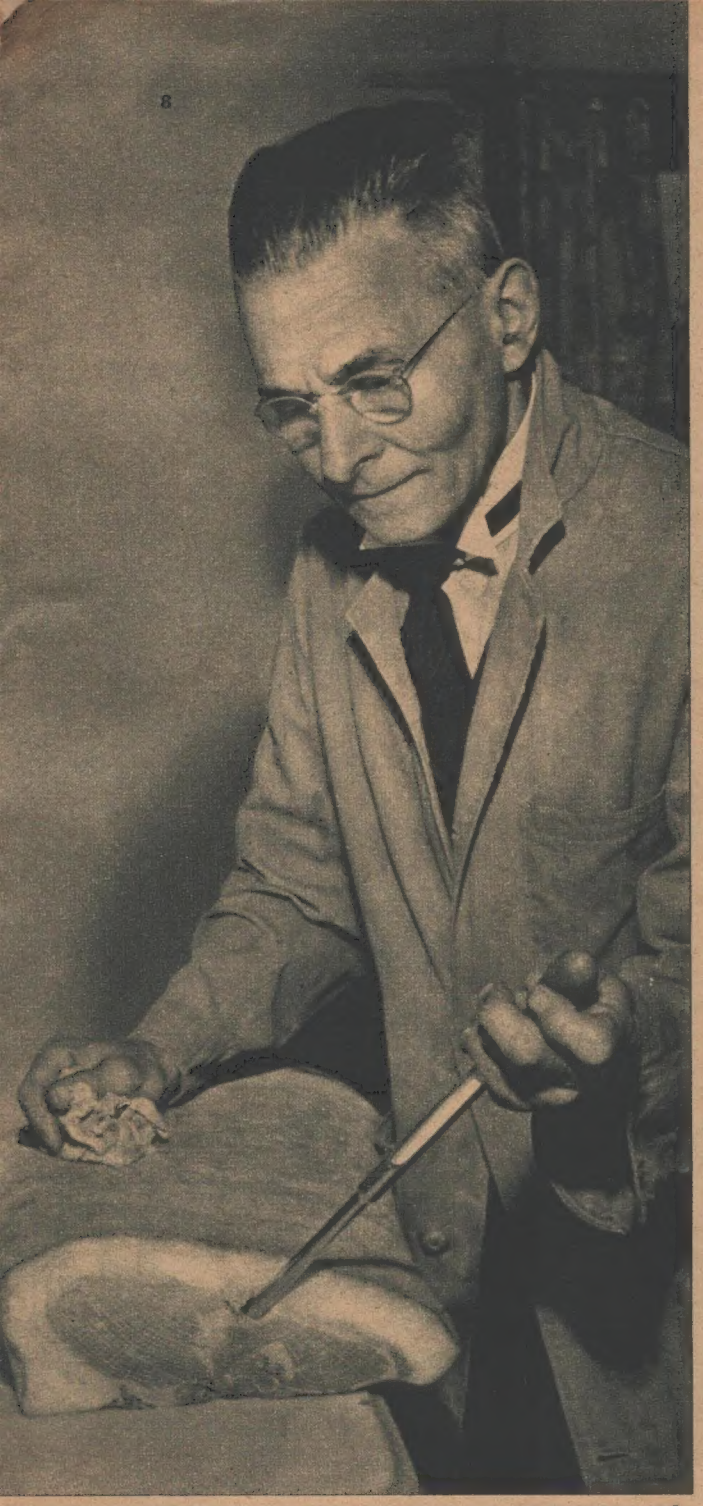
"Your brain," the superior observed tartly, with only a cursory glance at the amended instrument, "has a permanent wave." Dr. Hamilton, who has now given up the practice of medicine and has become a grocer in the backwoods of "silly Sussex," crusading for cleanliness in food handling, has to confess that this estimate of him is a just one. He is devastated by more brainwaves in a week than strike the ordinary man in an entire lifetime.

He is at present occupied both mentally and physically with the development of a model shop whose storerooms for perishable products will exclude condensation, bacteria, vermin and insect pests, and where dairy products can be preserved for more than ten days without refrigeration. This major brainwave began to agitate Dr. Hamilton's fertile mind more than a year ago when he was called by the Metropolitan Police to examine a dead grocer and certify the cause of death. Inspecting the premises, he found perishable rationed foods—butter, eggs, margarine, bacon and cooking fats—stored in a small, filthy room occupied by several cats and also used as a lavatory.

Convinced that the main study of his medical career, infantile paralysis, has some connection with insanitary handling of food, he determined on the grocer's bier to buy a shop of his own and prove that it is not only possible but profitable to operate a clean, hygienic grocery business. When he first began looking for a shop of his own his agitation over the condition of British grocery stores became even more profound. He and his wife inspected scores of premises and were shocked by what they saw.

In one shop, which he nearly bought, there was no place for shop assistants to wash their hands. The room where reserve food was stored was about six feet square and housed a bath and lavatory as well as a gas cooker. Another kept the dairy products in the kitchen a few feet from a cesspool. Another had no storage place for food, so kept it underneath the beds. Another stored dairy products in the petrol station. There was one in which food was stored in a small kitchen where the sun never penetrated, with a worm-eaten floor and damp, mildewed walls. In the room was a sink and a stove where the family cooked. It was also inhabited by a dog and cat.

By comparison his choice in a Sussex village looked like an aseptic paradise when he and Mrs. Hamilton viewed it in the dark at eight o'clock



The doctor takes the temperature—of a side of bacon. Hamilton has a preservation theory

one evening. It is a small, one-room shop attached to a six-room, two-storeyed house. One of the first things the doctor did was to call in workmen to build scientific storerooms adjoining the shop. The problem of food storage is a comparatively new one, originating with the war and rationing, he points out. Before the war, grocers could buy their requirements daily. Now, when rationed food must be stocked in advance, the doctor maintains that a proper place must be provided to store it. After more than three months' work and twice tearing down and rebuilding parts of the structure because they did not conform to exact specifications, the storerooms are now complete. The finished products look like something that should house atomic research rather than groceries.

The walls are double. The first layer is three inches of concrete, reinforced with steel. This is followed by a layer of absorbent lime brick which draws moisture and heat to its inner surface, leaving the inner wall cool and dry. The outer wall is separated from the inner wall by a six-inch cavity. Two cowls force air in and out of the cavity, keeping moisture and heat out of the room. The room has no windows. Instead, ventilators along the floor and ceiling create a continuous circulation of air. The inside surfaces of the ventilators are covered with special filters and the outside with heavy covers, both the subject of scientific experiment.

The filters and covers are being developed in collaboration with a large engineering firm which believes Dr. Hamilton is on to something big in modern refrigeration. The filters are supposed to keep out not only dust and dirt but microbes and bacteria. To this end Dr. Hamilton is experimenting with D.D.T., arsenic, prussic acid and cyanide of potassium. The covers are being made so that all or any of the ventilators can be obliterated to study pressurization.

Dr. Hamilton has a theory that if you can cook food by increasing the pressure, you can preserve it by a pressure decrease. "Pressure and temperature are the two things of the future in preservation of food from bacteriological contamination and deterioration," he says. For instance, he knows that a side of bacon loses approximately one pound a week from evaporation due to varied temperatures and pressure. By being able at will to shut off all ventilators, he can keep a record of how temperature and pressure affect foodstuffs.

Proof Against Rats And Mice

The interior of the room is of smooth-finished cement with rounded corners, so that there is no cleaning problem. When at the end of the week the rations have been dispersed, Dr. Hamilton takes the hose attached to a nearby tap, and washes out his storeroom. A seven-inch concrete floor beneath ground level eliminates rats and mice, and an adjoining ante-room, where new stock is received, prevents delivery men from bringing in dirt and germs.

Dr. Hamilton has had several visits from scientific and commercial organizations interested in what he is doing. One firm asked to be allowed to make some of his equipment. A large refrigeration company which paid him a visit said he would never be able to achieve his objective of a constant temperature of thirty-six degrees without artificial refrigeration. The doctor is convinced he can succeed.

One Sunday before the storeroom was properly finished he conducted a little experiment. With Primus stoves and heaters with a total capacity of about 2,000 candlepower he brought the temperature of the room up to eighty degrees after eight hours' continuous heating. Then he shut off the heat and in less than three hours the temperature had dropped to thirty-nine degrees.

A bacon company looked over the premises and decided that Dr. Hamilton's storerooms were an improvement on theirs. A scientific journal spent two days taking temperature readings inside and out, and went away impressed. And the local authorities are also keeping an eye on the doctor's work.

Soon after Dr. Hamilton announced his intention of showing shopkeepers how they ought to keep shop, the Sussex Rural Community Council invited him to a meeting. He accepted the invitation with some trepidation. At it were several doctors, sanitary engineers, technicians and shopkeepers who, Dr. Hamilton realized, were well fortified with embarrassing questions. "They intended to try to put me on the spot, I'm sure, but when the meeting was over we parted friends and I think they were impressed with my aims and ambitions for this store. At least, I hope so," he says.

He's Made It Cash-and-carry

Dr. Hamilton has made another innovation. When he bought the shop it was a credit business with books and accounts so complicated that they required the attention of three assistants. He hired an accountant to straighten things out, then, realizing that he was no bookkeeper, decided to eliminate the mathematics by making it a cash and carry business. "You'll be bankrupt in a month," the accountant warned. Disregarding the warning, Dr. Hamilton notified each customer that henceforth the business would be on a cash basis, which he said would be mutually beneficial. He asked for the support of his customers in this undertaking. Today his gross intake is exceeding that of the former owner and there are no assistants. "I expect that within twelve months the grocery business will subsidize my medical research," he says.

To raise capital to buy the business and make the necessary improvements he had to sell much of his medical equipment, a financial manoeuvre which is not knew to him. The last time he sold it was to pay for his life. Up until a few years ago he enjoyed robust health. While still in the R.A.M.C. he was taken with a severe attack of appendicitis. This caused a serious abdominal condition necessitating six major operations and after the last one he was given up for lost. He decided to go to the Mayo clinic in Rochester, New York, but the difficulty of obtaining foreign currency seemed insurmountable, so he went instead to Capetown, where, he learned, a surgeon for the world-famous clinic was practising.

"I arrived the day the King and Queen were leaving and I couldn't resist pausing on the quay to watch them. I was afraid it might be my last look at England," he says. The American surgeon did not think he would ever see England again, either, but Dr. Hamilton fooled the experts and recovered. Now he believes he is one of the few cases in medical history to survive seven major abdominal operations.

He returned to England last year with the object of starting up in practice again, but instead bought the grocery business. This new enterprise he regards as just another chapter in an adventurous and individualistic career.

Donned Shorts And A High Hat

After he was invalided out of the R.A.M.C. he went to Ethiopia and the Middle East to study infantile paralysis among the native populations. At one point he boarded an Arab ship supposedly bound for Djibouti. But the ship's operators decided suddenly that it was more profitable to ferry pilgrims across the Red Sea to Mecca than to make their scheduled journey, so Dr. Hamilton decided to walk.

He was warned against this rash action because he would encounter unfriendly natives, but he disregarded the warning.

Dressing himself up in a fancy costume consisting of wellington boots, shorts, a string shirt, a ceremonial apron and a high silk hat, mostly borrowed from European well-wishers, he started off with no luggage but a six-foot staff. Throughout the journey he was treated with extravagant courtesy. When finally he arrived at Djibouti he learned the reason: the natives in the area judged a man's importance by the height of his hat.

On another occasion when he made a trip into the hinterland of Ethiopia he was saved from disaster by a little grindstone. The war had just ended and the hostile population was mistaking every European not in uniform for an Italian. While trekking through a particularly wild belt of country, Dr. Hamilton suddenly realized that he was being furtively followed. He could not see his pursuers because it was dark but he was satisfied that they were too close for comfort. He took a small grindstone and a file from his knapsack, knelt on the ground in an attitude of meditation copied from the native medicine men, and proceeded to turn the grindstone against the file as fast as he could. When he was sure the natives had seen the brilliant flare of sparks he thrust the file and grindstone into his shirt and continued with his "meditations." From then on he was known as the fire god and given a wide berth.

Dr. Hamilton confesses that it is a wrench from the consulting room to the shop counter, but he feels sure his research in food preservation will one day be as gratifying as medical practice. The change of occupation has an ironical twist. For years he has condemned patent medicines but now he sells them.

But at least he takes some consolation in the fact that they are his slowest-moving stock. "I think people are a little timid about asking me for them," he says. THE END

The most boyish face at this O.E.E.C. meeting belongs to Robert Marjolin (right). Yet he is counsellor, planner and banker to eighteen nations

Man who holds Europe's purse strings

by SUSAN LAKE

Robert Marjolin once took an examination because he was jobless. Now, in Rothschild's bedroom, he decides how to give away £1,700,000,000

OUTSIDE, PARIS was pulsing with spring. In a bleak corridor of the Sorbonne a group of frightened students waited to appear for oral examination before the redoubtable Camille Bouglé, assistant director of the Ecole Normale. One of them, a tall, gangling youth of nineteen, with an unruly crop of straight brown hair and a quiet, intense manner, was summoned for his recitation.

The depth and originality of the young man's thought and the precision of his expression astonished the examiner. Bouglé looked up, surprise manifest in his face. "Where," he demanded gruffly, "did you study your philosophy?" The young man blushed with embarrassment, becoming tongue-tied with fright as soon as the conversation switched from the philosophical to the personal.

Pressed, he confessed shamefacedly that he had learned philosophy in his own family kitchen while his mother worked as a charwoman to support him, that he had not passed his matriculation or enjoyed the luxury of a secondary school education and that he had worked in factories from the age of fourteen until the depression threw him out of a job in 1931. It was only, he admitted, because he was out of work that he was able to take the examination.

It was Bouglé's turn to be embarrassed. "Come to see me tomorrow," he said.

Study Of English Co-ops

The next day, Robert Marjolin was handed a pile of books, dispatched on a special three-months' tour of England to make a study of the co-operative movement, and launched on a career which less than twenty years later landed him in what might be considered the most important post in modern European diplomacy. Today, behind a massive walnut desk in the former bedroom of the Baron de Rothschild, in Paris, this affable young man, looking much like the boy who confronted Bouglé that day in 1931, is quietly laying the foundations of European unity.

As secretary-general of the Organization for European Economic Co-operation, set up to administer Marshall Aid, Marjolin is counsellor to the finance and foreign ministers of eighteen nations, arbiter of their quarrels, consultant physician to their economic ills and chief planner of their financial future.

He is head of a 900-man international secretariat whose chief task in the next two years is to parcel out £1,700,000,000 of Marshall Aid so effectively that by 1952 Europe will be standing on its own economic feet. He is co-ordinator of twenty-one technical committees dealing with everything from manpower and natural resources to food and international banking, whose function is to promote economic stability by figuring out ways to increase European exports to the U.S. by fifty per cent and reduce imports by twenty-five per cent in the next two years.

To this job he brings the same drive and energy he brought to the mastery of philosophy when he was jobless. He has practically no social life. This is partly because he has the intellectual's natural abhorrence of trivial pastimes, and partly because he is completely devoted to realization of the dream of international economic co-operation.

It is also partly due to the fact that he makes luncheons and even dinners an opportunity to persuade and convince dissatisfied ministers, delegates and under-secretaries that the health of the whole is more important than the success of the part.

Not only are disputants attracted by his penetrating and persuasive arguments, they are also mollified by his engaging and almost boyish charm. Although he is now a professor, he does not look the part. Even horn-rimmed spectacles and an occasional long cigar fail to make him look professorial. He is still tall and gangling, his brown hair won't stay put and his youthful intensity has not diminished. When he is not puffing a cigar he is vigorously chain-smoking a cheap brand of French cigarettes.

When O.E.E.C. was only a few weeks old Marjolin drew up the first all-Europe recovery programme for the first quarter of the fiscal year. Shortly after that he got member nations to agree on a joint programme for the entire year and, not without a struggle, managed to complete the first delicate operation of dividing American aid. Largely through his initiative, O.E.E.C. advanced a scheme to make European currencies acceptable in other countries in payment for European products, thus stimulating trade and helping the Continent help herself to recovery.

Bitter Trade Rivals Agree

What makes these achievements remarkable is that all the reports have been unanimously accepted by a score of nations who for centuries have been bitter economic rivals.

"Contrary to expectations the unanimity rule has worked very well," Marjolin says with satisfaction. "There is not a single case of a decision between countries being blocked by one. When a large degree of agreement has been reached it is impossible for one or two countries to stand out against the others."

Marjolin is also credited with a success which Sir Edmund Hall-Patch, British delegate to O.E.E.C. and head of its executive committee, calls an achievement without parallel in the entire history of diplomacy. In a matter of about six weeks he

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She did not run to greet me. She hung back, and she was very pale. She said: "I am glad to see you, Nino." I soon discovered that she wasn't

Wings of the Morning

by ***NINA WARNER HOOKE***

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

Maria and I were to be married in a week. Then the other man came back. I couldn't think of anything but the gun

BUON' GIORNO, SIGNORE! I am Fortunino, the boatman instructed by the *padrone* of your hotel. You wish to make a tour round the island? Certainly, certainly, there is no better way for a visitor to see Capri. It will be my great pleasure to serve you. Here is my boat. She is the best and finest boat on the island. *Prego, signore,* enter and arrange yourself.

Now, if you are ready, we shall begin, yes? You must not think that because I am a cripple I am not able to serve you well. The disability is in my leg, my left leg—a war wound, you understand, and of small consequence to a boatman. In my arms I have the strength of a lion, and I can row all day without tiring.

You are comfortable? You do not feel the motion of the boat? Is she not a paragon among boats? I tell you frankly, this boat is the pride of my heart, next to my wife and the *bambina*. You see the name? It means in English *The Wings of the Morning, signore. Certo,* there is a story behind the name. You are interested? Of course, of course, *signore,* I will tell you.

To begin, it is necessary to go back to my boyhood. I was born in a small house up there, on the slopes of Monte Barbarossa. We had a little farm and a vineyard, and we worked it together, my father, my brother Gaspare and I. We were contented enough, but then the war came and the order of conscription for the army. My brother Gaspare, who was cleverer than I and had friends in the quarter where it is necessary to have friends in an emergency, you understand, was able to avoid being taken. But me they took. It was a bad day when I had to say goodbye to my girl. I was young, but much in love, and proud to have for a sweetheart Maria Piccola, the prettiest girl on the island.

I must tell a little more about her before I continue. Her father was a widower and he had a small drapery shop in the Piazza. There were two daughters and both were called Maria, owing to a mistake at the christening of the second one. To distinguish them, and because one was tall and the other short, they were known as Maria Alta and Maria Piccola. Maria Alta was more remarkable for her temper than her looks, but Maria Piccola, the younger, was lovely and gentle as a fawn. She was seventeen and I was twenty on the day that we parted.

I will not weary you with the tale of my soldiering. It is enough to say that I, who had never been farther from my home than Naples, was sent to far-off horrible places in Africa and had many uncomfortable experiences, which included stepping on a land mine. When I was captured I was in a field hospital with a shattered thigh. It was thought that I would not walk again, but the surgeons were clever and after many months they restored to me a leg which, though not elegant, was nevertheless a leg.

I passed the next four years in a prison camp in England. Regular letters came from Maria Piccola and from my family. But the letters of

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Servicing the stars

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

Mac and Harry, variety agents, "sold" Danny Kaye, lost sleep over Fats Waller, and got involved in Betty Hutton's steaks. But the big surprise was Carmen Miranda

Bill Johnson, a Foster client, is seen with Mr. Mac—and the fans crowd round for his autograph

SOME MONTHS AGO, a message from Barcelona arrived on a mahogany desk in a fourth-floor office overlooking Piccadilly Circus. It was a report on a tall young man who each day mounted a set of stairs and, from a height of fifteen feet, hurled a very beautiful girl to the floor. Julia, the girl, seemed to enjoy this sort of treatment. Despite the loss of two teeth and incidental injuries requiring surgical treatment, she was prepared to make a career out of such unconventional conduct.

The receipt of this information sent an otherwise phlegmatic businessman named Leslie Macdonnell post haste across the Pyrenees. Macdonnell's partner, the equally reserved Harry Foster, began making investigations both here and in America. As a result, the young man is currently tossing Julia about the stage of the Bal Tabarin in Paris. The pair will later decorate a New York musical and, in 1951, will appear in London in Emile Littler's *Latin Quarter*.

Darvas and Julia are two of some three hundred actors and entertainers who fill the books of Foster's Agency and who can call on the services of Foster or Macdonnell from such distant points as Stockholm, Rome, New York and Hollywood. They are responsible for Foster's sixty-odd transatlantic trips and for the Continental excursions which periodically take Macdonnell to Amsterdam, Brussels, Milan, Rome, Nice and Paris.

Fewer Headaches In A "Package"

Danny Kaye, Danny Thomas, Betty Hutton and Carmen Miranda are some of the personalities who, in the language of the business, are "serviced" by Foster's. On one day recently the partners were called on to settle problems connected with Larry Parks's début at the Palladium, Pat Kirkwood's opening in a Noel Coward musical, Jack Hulbert's new film, Cicely Courtneidge's plans for an Ivor Novello operetta and, at the same time, provide such items as a mouth-organ-playing guitarist for a Manchester music hall and a complete British ice show with a cast of fifty for a tour of Italy. The ice show is known to the trade as "package entertainment" because it represents a complete programme. Despite the roster of fifty performers, such a package probably means fewer headaches than the booking of an individual headliner.

"The actual booking of an act," Macdonnell says, "takes up only ten per cent of our time. The other ninety per cent is spent on handling the other aspects of our clients' careers. This even extends, sometimes, to what you might call wet-nursing them."

The late Fats Waller was one client who literally but unintentionally caused Macdonnell (or Mr. Mac, as he is called) to lose considerable sleep. "Fats Waller," Mr. Mac says, "was a genius at the piano, but in other respects he resembled nothing but an innocent child. He was in the middle of an engagement at the Palladium when one morning at five he rang me up and said he wanted to wish me goodbye. I said goodbye and asked him what it was all about. Fats said he had been thinking of his wife and family in the States and had decided to go home. He told me he'd be leaving in the *Queen Mary* at noon."

Mr. Mac worked fast to preserve the Palladium's main attraction for the night's show. He found out that Waller's bout of homesickness had come on at the Bag of Nails Club and that Fats was still there. A quick call to the manager of the club and Mr. Mac was arranging that Waller would not lack for food and drink at Mr. Mac's expense. Another call roused Waller's personal manager and set him about changing his star's mind. Instead of taking the *Queen Mary*, Waller finished his engagement.

Harry Foster has business date with Irene Manning. Much of his work is done over lunch

All Actresses Are "Darling"

Handling, as they do, about ninety-five per cent of the U.S. film stars of note appearing in this country, Mr. Mac and Mr. Harry are past masters in the art of applied psychology required to soothe temperamental artists. Mr. Harry, at fifty-five, is a quiet-spoken man who resembles a calm family doctor rather than someone who has been brought up in the theatrical business and who, from force of habit, addresses all actresses as "darling."

George Foster, father of Mr. Harry, founded the agency in 1888 when music halls were more numerous than they are now and when thirty shillings was regarded as fair pay for one night's engagement. "The top of the bill in those days," Mr. Harry says, "paid about £25 or £30 a week. My father was Harry Lauder's agent when Lauder was making £15 a week. Father saw the day when that £15 fee had grown to £1,000."

The £1,000 a week has been surpassed by such Foster clients as Danny Kaye, but by how much Mr. Harry is too reticent to admit. All he will say is that during the last Danny Kaye engagement at the Palladium not one seat or standing-room ticket was available and the house could have been sold out five or six times over. "The Palladium was only mildly interested when I suggested Danny Kaye," Mr. Harry says. "Val Parnell certainly didn't leap at the idea at all." Booking Kaye into the Palladium involved several transatlantic telephone calls, and Mr. Harry himself flew to Chicago to sign the comedian. The two have remained close friends and golfing partners.

Because stars of the Kaye magnitude are required to fill the Palladium, Mr. Harry has been

Vera Lynn and Mr. Mac both have baby daughters. Pictures are compared every time they meet

skipping back and forth across the ocean ever since the early twenties when he first brought Paul Whiteman and Sophie Tucker to Britain.

Provincial music halls have different needs, and Foster's provides them with such attractions as name bands like that of Edmundo Ros, comics like Vic Oliver or singers such as Vera Lynn. Miss Lynn has been in the care of Mr. Mac since the days when she was earning fees so insignificant "that I didn't always take my commission." Today Vera can rake in £650 a week and is in the unusual position of being a celebrity in New York although she has never set foot in the U.S.A.

"Vera Lynn's American tour," Mr. Harry says, "is slated for a couple of years from now, when her records will have put her in absolutely the top ranks." Walter Winchell, the American columnist, has already handed out orchids to Miss Lynn, thus confirming the faith Mr. Mac has had in her ability since he first heard her in front of an orchestra fourteen years ago.

Vera Lynn: Dollar Exporter

What is even more remarkable is that Vera has reached her present eminence with a voice that encompasses only five notes. This limited range once drove an eminent London vocal coach to distraction and the teacher offered to show her how to use what he called her "real voice," which is a thin soprano. Fortunately, Miss Lynn decided to stick by her five-note range and her recordings, made at the rate of one a week, are still a big factor in the export drive to North America.

Mr. Mac, who looks something like a schoolteacher, is now bringing another singing star along the road travelled by Vera Lynn. "Two years ago," Mr. Mac declares, "this lad was working on a brewer's dray. Now he draws £175 a week." To promote this singer into the supertax brackets, Mr. Mac delivered him a course of lectures on how to choose and present a song and another series on what to wear, and when. "He was wearing spiv-type suits," Mr. Mac says with disdain. A conservative dresser himself, Macdonnell has not been influenced by the flamboyant tastes of some of the firm's American clients.

Among the most colourful visitors Foster's has cared for was Carmen Miranda, the exotic and tempestuous Brazilian entertainer. When it booked her for her first London appearance Foster's was ready for all sorts of fireworks. "She turned out to be one of the quietest and hardest-working stars I've known," says Mr. Harry, gazing fondly at Carmen's likeness on his office wall. "Why, I couldn't even get her to come to a night club after a show. She preferred to go home and read."

Betty Hutton, the movies' blonde bombshell, is another Foster client who did live up to her spirited reputation. When Miss Hutton came to the Palladium her luggage included a good supply of red meat and further shipments of steak from New York continued to arrive during her London stay. The fact that this supplementary food supply was shipped, not by a butcher, but by that elegant New York establishment, the Stork Club shows what was behind the idea.

A Fleet Street journalist smelled out the arrival of so much meat and confronted Miss Hutton. Anxious not to offend her British hosts, she denied the existence of the steaks. The journalist produced a cutting from Walter Winchell's column in New York announcing the airborne meat supply. Miss Hutton did the only thing: she called for Mr. Harry. "It was all very foolish," Mr. Harry says. "I had to calm down Betty and clear things up with the journalist. He got his story and the whole thing was forgotten. But it just shows the things in which an agent gets involved."

An ordinary week for Mr. Harry begins on Sunday when he goes golfing, usually with a client; Monday—a Palladium opening; Tuesday—revisiting a revue; Wednesday—a film; Thursday—Heathrow to greet a film star arriving from France; Friday—watching a cabaret; Saturday—checking on television. Between these engagements, Mr. Harry and Mr. Mac are never far from the telephone. Although there are adjoining offices where both of them are at work by 10 a.m., they are usually so busy that they see each other only at lunchtime. Many of their important negotiations with producers and bookers are concluded over the lunch table.

Billing Quarrels Lose Deals

"More deals are lost on account of billing problems than from any other cause, including money," Mr. Harry says. "It is very difficult to reconcile the artist and management or to get two artists to agree on how prominently their names should appear on the bill."

For the top artists deals are made far in advance and in accordance with long-range plans that Foster's makes for its clients. In the case of Vic Oliver, Mr. Harry can now say when and where this comedian will be seen well into the 1951 season. "We have a plan for Vic Oliver, and it's a simple one to which we adhere rigidly," Mr. Harry explains. "He spends one year in the West End and the following year in the provinces. In that way his material is always fresh and he doesn't outstay his welcome." Some stars are difficult to convince about the merits of spending time on the provincial circuits, but Mr. Harry has a convincing fund of examples of performers who clung to the West End until Londoners grew tired of seeing them.

"You've got to try it on the dog," is the show business maxim for the importance of trying out new acts and new material on provincial stages. Mr. Harry and Mr. Mac are both advocates of this procedure and they frequently make sorties out of the West End to check the dog's reactions. Currently, there are good reports coming in on an act Mr. Mac adopted in 1936. At that time, Cecil Lyle was doing a modest conjuring routine which yielded a stipend of £35 a week when he was working. Today he is The Great Lyle with a company of twenty assistants and a baggage train loaded with thirty tons of illusions. The entire entourage has just completed a tour of South Africa, arranged by Foster's.

Ration Books For The Stars

To make things easier for a company like The Great Lyle's and to smooth the way for other foreign clients, Foster's, in addition to departments handling actors, variety acts, plays, films and cabarets, has a transportation and accommodation branch which performs services that range from customs clearance to arranging that American stars get ice water in their hotel rooms. Foster's travel department looks after client's work permits, posts bonds covering their stage equipment, arranges for ration books and identity cards. Handling such details for an entire troupe like Katherine Dunham's dancers is a major operation.

"In the Dunham case it was well worth it," Mr. Harry recalls. "We had booked her show for six weeks and they stayed on this side of the Atlantic for two years."

Even better than the Dunham record of staying on under the parental care of Foster's was the mark set by two American film stars who landed here in 1936. "We had booked one week for them in Dublin and one week in London," Mr. Harry says. "They didn't get away for ten years. Their names are Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon."

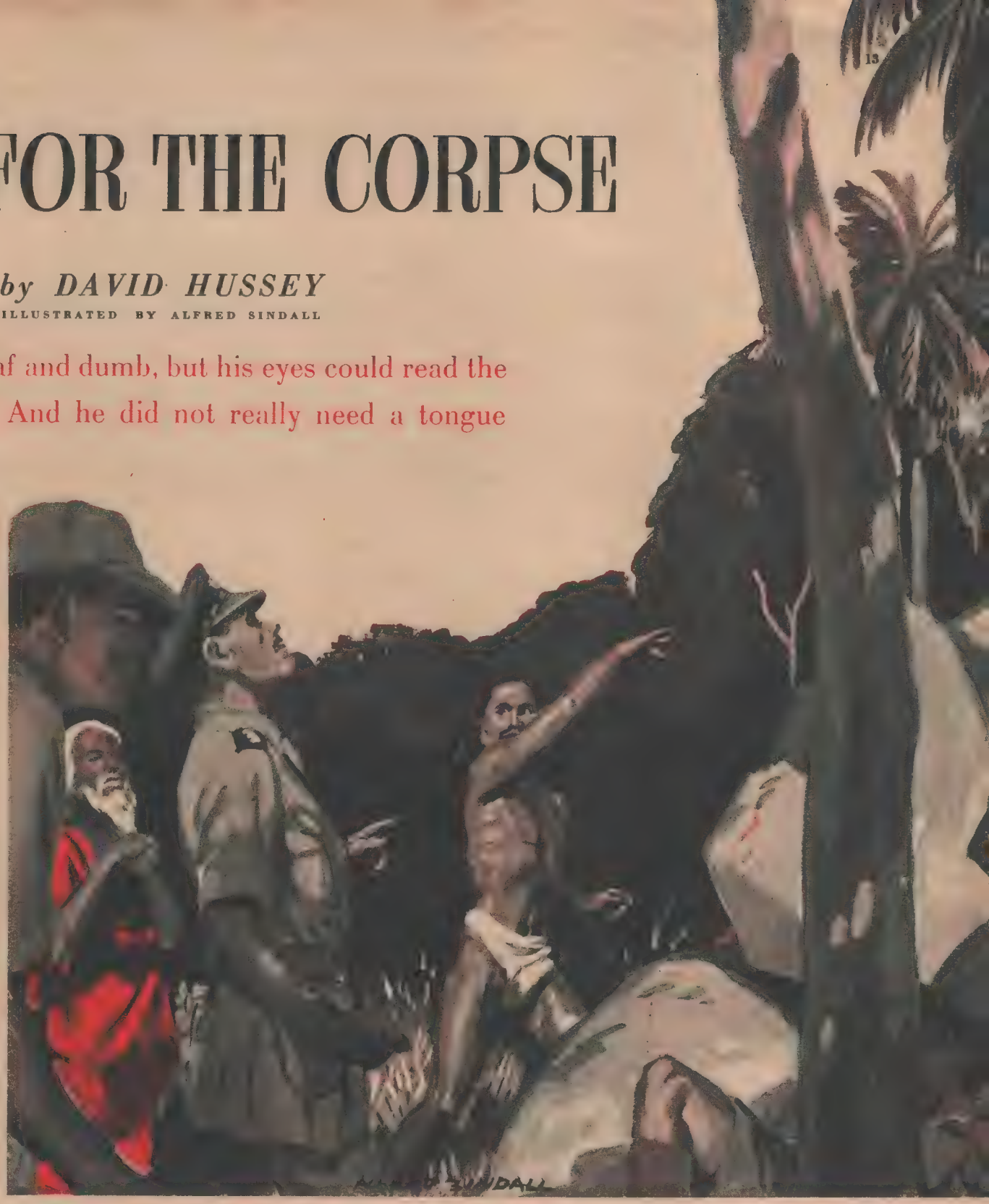
THE END

HONEY FOR THE CORPSE

by ***DAVID HUSSEY***

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED SINDALL

Banda was deaf and dumb, but his eyes could read the killer's mind. And he did not really need a tongue



Banda pointed to the dead man, and then up to the rocks. He seemed to be trying to tell them something

SKINNER WAS LOOKING with awe at the immense, primeval tangle: impenetrable thorny scrub, topped with a cat's-cradle of tough giant creepers. He shivered a little, for he was a true Cockney, born within the sound of Bow Bells, and this was his first glimpse of the world as it was in the beginning.

"I told you we'd show you something you'd never seen in Scotland Yard," said Garthwaite cheerfully.

They were sitting on the fender of the car, drinking scalding coffee. It was an hour after dawn, and the jungle matins were in full blast, with a chorus of squalls, squeaks, yells, whistles, shrieks, grunts and howls.

When he was last home on leave, Superintendent James Garthwaite, Ceylon Police, had been attached to Scotland Yard for a fortnight's course on modern detective methods. He had learnt very little about modern detective methods, but he had made firm friends with Chief Inspector Skinner, the instructor, and when he heard that Skinner was passing through Colombo on the way back from a Commonwealth Police Conference in Australia, had written urging him to miss a boat and stay a week with him at his lonely post in the East Central Province. "We may not know the last word in scientific detection," he wrote, "but we have our methods. Come and see." Skinner had come.

Skinner listened to the row, and then shook his head, as though trying to clear his ears of the noise. "Must be a proper set-to going on somewhere in there. And this poor old fellow's got himself lost in the middle of it all!"

"We'll find the old boy all right. Wait till Banda, our jungle tracker, gets on the job. The only question is, can we find him in time? It's a tough place for an old man."

Skinner was still a little dazed with the high-pitched cacophony. He said slowly: "You'd think an entomologist could cope with this, though. He'd be no stranger to jungles."

"Old Gantry is nothing so scientific as that. He's just an old chap who potters round collecting butterflies. Nice quiet hobby, after a life spent bawling your head off in Wall Street. Urukwella's a bit off the map, of course, for the ordinary tourist, but he's after butterflies, and I should think it's a pretty good centre for them. That nephew of his, Eric Steinhardt, palled up with one of the Forestry Officers, and wangled permission to use the Forestry circuit bungalow for a week or two."

They were interrupted by the village headman of Urukwella, a handsome, hawk-faced old man, with a flowing white beard. He greeted them gravely, and wagged his head in sorrow. No, there was no news of the butterfly *mahatmaya* yet, though every man of the village had been out searching. The people of Urukwella were sorry, he said, for they liked and pitied the old man, who was sadly afflicted in his wits, or why should he want so many butterflies? He illustrated the uselessness of butterflies with a gesture that the whole College of Dramatic Art could not have bettered.

THE headman's companions took up the luggage, and they set out on the three-mile walk to Urukwella. At once the jungle closed around them, dark airless, menacing. It seemed to Skinner that the great fleshy creepers on either side were reaching in to them, like the tentacles of some huge, obscene octopus, swaying out for its prey.

As they approached Urukwella, the jungle thinned out. In place of the dense, tangled scrub, there was open parkland, with spaces of turf between the trees. Finally the trees ceased, and they came to the shore of a long-abandoned irrigation lake.

Urukwella lay at the end of the lake, where there was a fair stretch of open pasture, and some pretty, terraced paddy fields. It was not much of a village: just twenty or thirty mud and thatch huts, with the neat little forestry bungalow standing away by itself, near the shore of the lake.

They went straight up to the bungalow, where a youngish man awaited them in a state of great agitation.

Garthwaite said: "Mr. Steinhardt, I'd like you to meet Mr. Skinner, a colleague from London."

"Pleased to meet you," Steinhardt said shortly. "Now, see here, Mr. Superintendent, we've got to get busy and *do* something. I know all the boys from Urukwella here have been out looking for him, but, by heck, we've got to have something better than that. Don't you have any bloodhounds or anything around here? Couldn't you set an aeroplane on the job?"

"I'm afraid a bloodhound is not much use in jungle," said Garthwaite steadily. "He would get his nose full of leeches, and that's about all. And a plane wouldn't help either, because you'd see nothing but tree-tops from it. But you can be quite sure, Mr. Steinhardt, that we're not wasting any time, and we're using the best thing there is for the purpose. I've sent for the best jungle tracker in Ceylon—probably in the world. I sent for him last night, the moment I got your message, and he'll be here any minute. I can promise you that Banda will find your uncle for you."

"Yeah, if he's still alive to be found. . . ." He broke off suddenly, and slumped down heavily in a cane chair. Then he pulled himself together again, and lit a cigarette.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I beg your pardon, gentlemen. I . . . I guess I'm a bit rattled. This thing's got me down."

Garthwaite said: "Don't give it

another thought. There's just one thing, though. Was it your uncle's custom to go off alone like this?"

"No, it wasn't. This was the first time he ever did it. He said he was just going for a stroll along the lake, and I was feeling kind of tired and thought I'd stay home for once. I didn't even know he was taking his butterfly net with him, but it isn't here, so he must have done. And—well, I suppose he saw some new butterfly and got chasing it, and you know what the jungle is. Uncle Lewis just forgot everything once he'd seen a butterfly he wanted—" He broke off, staring. "Say, that's a queer-looking guy with the headman there. That's not your tracker, is it?"

It was indeed Banda. Even Skinner, who had seen many experts on many things, had a surprise. Banda was a lean, brown man, with shaggy hair falling over his shoulders, and he wore nothing but a loin-cloth. But, with all his wild looks, he had a clever face, thoughtful yet alert, and in his deep, dark eyes there was the great loneliness of one who lives in a world apart, for, as Garthwaite explained, he was deaf and dumb from birth.

With much gesticulation, things were made clear to him, and, after one quick glance round the landscape, he set to work.

There was a quiet orderliness about his methods that impressed Skinner from the start. The lake and the open land around it formed, in effect, a vast clearing, surrounded on all sides by that dense wall of jungle. All round the circumference were tracks leading into the thicket: twisting paths made by generations of hunters and woodcutters, little runs made by the deer and wild pig coming down to drink, and the great green arcades where the elephants sauntered down to the shallows at nightfall. To each Banda gave a quick glance, and passed on.

About half a mile beyond the bungalow, they came to a woodcutters' path. It was no different from three or four others they had passed, but without an instant's hesitation Banda turned into it.

"Now how in thunder did he know this is the one?" said Skinner. "You couldn't see the print of a navvy's boot in this mess of twigs."

Banda turned round. Deaf though he was, he seemed to know, not only that Skinner had spoken, but what he had said. He pointed to the heel of Skinner's boot, then to a spot on the ground.

Looking closely where he pointed, Skinner could see, among the litter of broken twigs, two or three with the break just a little sharper than the rest.

It was dim and stuffy and sweltering hot along that tortuous little track, hemmed in on both sides by rank foliage, and sweat and curses poured from the three white men as they pounded along behind the lithe Banda and the wiry old headman. Banda never stopped, never even paused, but his eyes darted from side to side at every step, and they knew that not a torn leaf, not a turned pebble, escaped his notice, as he read the record of that path, and all that had passed along it, like a book.

But presently he seemed to become less sure of himself. There was something that puzzled him. He stopped now and then, staring at the ground, and examining the twigs and sprays that straggled over the track. Then he stopped again, and kept raising his hand in a questioning way, and the headman suggested he wanted to know the height of the man he sought. Steinhardt indicated it, and he seemed satisfied.

Presently they stopped again, while Banda raked in the bushes. He came out bearing a green butterfly net.

"That's your uncle's net, I take it?" Garthwaite asked.

Steinhardt nodded gloomily.

"At any rate we're on the right track, then," said Garthwaite. "We'll find him yet."

There, it seemed, the trail ended. But presently, casting around in the bushes, Banda picked it up again. They left the path and took to the bush, squeezing between branches, dodging round rocks and tree trunks, brushing aside the trailing creepers.

They had worked their way perhaps two hundred yards in from the path, and came out unexpectedly into a little clearing, with a spring dripping out from some rocks at the far end, and gurgling away in a tiny stream.

Garthwaite, who was now immediately behind Banda, turned round with a look on his face that stopped the others in their tracks.

"Steinhardt," he said slowly and kindly, "a shock for you, I'm afraid. You'd better come and have a look, just to be sure."

The jungle undertakers are quick and thorough, and many of the bones were as clean and white as though they had lain there for a year.

After one glance, Steinhardt turned away and walked a little apart, among the bushes.

BANDA stood in the middle of the clearing, a look of utter bewilderment on his face. There was something here that he could make no sense of at all.

He kept staring at the spring of water at the end of the clearing. Presently he signed to them to stay where they were, and stepped out of the clearing for an instant.

He came back into it—and this time he was miming. He was a tired old man, dazed and exhausted with fruitless wandering, mopping the sweat from his brow, stopping at every weary shuffling step to peer nervously behind him. It was a wonderful piece of acting, and they watched it enthralled. Just in that way, and in no other, the forlorn old man must have stumbled into that clearing where he was soon to die.

Suddenly the actor saw the water. He braced himself up and, with a speechless grunt of joy, he rushed to it. He drank great gulps, the great glorious gulps of one almost dying for water, and bathed his face and hands in it, and drank again.

"Just what he must have done," Skinner said stolidly, strolling over to the spring. "Only—he didn't do it! Or so the tracker seems to think."

"No, he didn't do it," Garthwaite agreed. He was watching Banda, too. "He'd have had to stand in that patch of sand—did you notice how carefully Banda straddled it? Nice, firm, moist sand, that would take a print like plaster of Paris, but not a mark or a sign on it. And why not? Why didn't he drink? That's the question."

Banda was trying to work it out, too. Suddenly, he was on his feet again, his whole face lit up. He had suddenly seen a great light, the answer to all the problems that had puzzled him since before they left the path. Again signing to them to be still, he slipped once more into the bushes.

When he came back this time he was staggering under an imaginary burden, slung over one shoulder. He made his way right into the centre of the clearing, where the corpse lay, and, with a grunt of relief, slung his burden down to the ground, turning it over and stretching it out a little, as though to make it lie naturally.

"I see," said Garthwaite slowly. "I see. So that was the way of it. Nice quiet resting place for rich uncles, and no questions asked. What about it, Skinner?"

Skinner nodded, silently.

"We'll get it all out of him, with time and patience. And meanwhile, where is Mr. Steinhardt?"

"Why, he was over there a minute ago. Just by that bush there, watching Banda. He can't be far."

"Come on!" said Garthwaite. "Quick, after him!"

There was a crashing and scuffling in the bushes over to one side of the clearing. Careless of spikes and prickles, they plunged on, ripping their shirts to ribbons on the sharp thorns, stumbling into pot holes and tripping over roots.

"Stop! Stop, you fool! You can't get away! Can't get anywhere! Stop!" Garthwaite yelled.

Banda sped past them. Bushes and thorns were no obstacles to him, and they were still thrusting and lumbering along in his wake when the hot noonday stillness was split by a sound that made the heart stand still, something between a snarl and a roar, full of hideous animal rage. There was a dull *thump*, and one high, terrible scream, and both men dropped instinctively to the ground as a great yellow body streaked past them, clearing the low scrub with clean, magnificent bounds.

"What——" Skinner gasped, as he picked himself up. "What the devil was that?"

"Leopard. My God, it was a near one! There was a scream. Come on, quick!"

Steinhardt lay beside a great pile of jagged rocks, that rose unexpectedly out of the ground, heavily screened by foliage. His neck was broken, and the upper part of his body horribly clawed. Beside him, quite unperturbed, stood Banda. He pointed to the dead man on the ground, then up to the rocks, and made a gesture of throwing something up there.

Skinner made a movement to climb the rocks, but Garthwaite drew him back.

Banda was already half way up, climbing like a monkey. Presently he was down again, and in his hand was an empty jar.

Garthwaite glanced at the label. "An empty honey pot. Does that mean anything to you, Skinner? It's an old dodge in these parts, a very old dodge. Steinhardt remembered he'd left it somewhere around, and when he saw Banda had rumbled him and questions *were* going to be asked, he thought he'd better get rid of it properly. Quite right, too; it was probably the only real hard evidence we could ever have got. We couldn't have hanged him on Banda's reconstruction, and anyhow I don't see poor old Banda being much use as a witness."

Skinner mopped his brow. The investigation was going a little too quickly for him.

GARTHWAITE looked at him, and chuckled. "It's clear enough. Don't you see, he had to find that honey jar again and get rid of it for good and all. And up among those rocks looked a nice safe spot, where no one would ever go in a hundred years, so he chucked it up there. First safe place he saw, I suppose. But the old leopard was having his beauty sleep up there, and—this is my guess—caught it full and squarely on the nose. He wakes up with a jerk, startled out of his life, takes a flying leap, and comes down *bonk*, two hundredweight of muscle and claws and terror, plumb on top of Steinhardt, and—well, that's all!"

Skinner said: "Yes, that's fine. But what's the idea of the honey pot? Are you working on the assumption that it was the lethal weapon?"

Garthwaite smiled grimly. "You could call it that," he said. "It's a local trick. If you want to get rid of a corpse good and quick and nothing left for a post mortem, you put it out in the jungle and smear it with honey. The honey brings the ants, and the ants do the rest. They'd come anyhow, of course, but the honey brings 'em double quick, and a double shift of them. Only you must remember not to leave the pot behind."

"Or," Skinner said, "not to chuck it at a leopard. Yes, Garthwaite, I see your point. You have your own methods. I'm not denying it." THE END

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

THE DEEP END OF THE POOL: The colonel may have been a hopeless reactionary, but he knew his tribesmen. Miss Vernon Straight, the woman with a mission, did not. Laurence Kirk tells in his brilliant short story how she visited the colonel's farm in the East African highlands to collect facts about native education—and completed her own on the first night in a terrifying hour of darkness and fire. . . .

FATHER TAKES A CARAVAN: John May describes a family adventure—a holiday in a trailer caravan with two of his sons——and wishes he'd taken Mother as well.

Make sure of your John Bull each week by placing a regular order with your newsagent

"The women will decide who'll win this fight." Leaving work, Elsie Schreder (centre) smiles at vacancies poster

City where women mean business

by EDWARD HOGARTH

In Leicester's factories, the girls prefer men's jobs and men are taking on women's work. It may be topsy-turvy—but everybody seems to be doing well

"I'M ONE OF THE lost ten thousand," says Elsie Schreder with a note of satisfaction in her voice. "They'll be catching up on me, one of these days." She is one of Leicester's ten thousand women, called up for engineering during the war, who have failed to return to the stocking frames. She prefers to work in the inspection department of the Imperial Typewriter Company, at its factory in East Park Road.

Wearing a pink overall, with her sharp blue eyes twinkling behind horn-rimmed spectacles, she sits at an inspection bench with two other grey-haired "girls," measuring the wooden cores of platen rollers and testing Bakelite knobs and space bars for flaws. She has worked at Wolsey's, Corah's, Johnson and Barnes', and at several big knitwear firms, running half-hose machines that turn out men's socks in a continuous length, like sausages. She has operated the twelve-bobbin Terrott knitters that produce tubes of ribbed fabric for women's vests. But her special trade was joining the two flaps at the heel of a sock. "I'd go back to 'linking' today only my eyes won't let me," she says.

Mrs. Schreder is up at five every morning, cooking a good breakfast for her husband, a transport worker. She pops in next door to attend to an invalid mother, straightens up the two houses and then sets off to be at Imperial's by eight.

"Forty-three I was, when they fetched me out," she says. "My husband didn't like it at all." But she soon found her feet in the inspection department, unperturbed by the noise of whirring flywheels and the crashing of the big power presses.

When things get busy, she helps the girl "on the window" to fetch blueprints and hand out the gauges, the snaps and plugs and feelers, and she is always ready for a chat. "There are some comical fashions in Granby Street this week," she says, pealing with laughter. "Bare arms, floating panels and hobble skirts. Real comical hats, too."

She admits frankly that she goes to work in order to make ends meet. "You can't manage on one man's money. Not without missing your extras." In light engineering, she receives a stabilized wage; in hosiery, her money depended on output. But it is not a bigger wage packet that has kept her from her real trade. As far as the actual amount is concerned, there is not much difference. But the work is less exacting.

Hosiery used to be the traditional women's occupation in Leicester, she says. Skill on the knitting frames has been handed down from mother to daughter for five or six generations. "But the work is tricky. You don't get your money easy."

The boot and shoe trade, Leicester's second biggest industry, has also lost workers by the thousand. The women would rather work in the engineering factories where the buildings are newer and cleaner, the welfare services up to date and the social life highly organized. And—a great attraction—they like working with the men. The situation is so topsy-turvy that, in the boot and hosiery trades, men are being set on to what were once jealously-guarded women's operations, while in the engineering industry women are doing men's jobs.

To complicate the matter still further, many Leicester workers, women in particular, are in the happy position of having more than one trade at their finger-tips. It is not uncommon for shoe-trade operatives on sole-cutting and stitching machines to be equally at home on Singer sewing machines in the clothes factories.

Many workers, too, have picked up entirely new techniques in the light engineering firms which came to Leicester during the war. It does not take the nimble-fingered Leicester girls long to master an unfamiliar process, whether they are helping to make electric clocks or electric delivery vans, gas meters or jet engines, fountain pens, spring mattresses or lenses for the studio cameras of Hollywood.

Strange-sounding Jobs

Every evening, the *Leicester Mail* carries a long list of advertisements for labour. The engineering firms want fitters, turners, millers and capstan operators. The hosiery firms ask for full-fashioned inspectors, band tackers, cutters of infants' gaiters, cop-to-bobbin winders and female Hoffman pressers. The shoe firms need workers skilled in strange-sounding trades. They want best ladies' clickers, gents' perforators, stuck-on-press men and puller-over men, tree-ers, toe puffers, and "foreladies capable of teaching green labour."

"Ee! There's such a fight going on," says Mrs. Schreder gleefully. "And it'll be the women who'll decide who is to win."

Imperial's have taken women into their plating and oxidizing departments, where the metal parts are strung on copper wire and immersed in nickel and chrome vats. There are women drying off type segments in boxes of hot sawdust. There are women engaged in grinding and riveting. In the type-making department, there are women cutting type blocks and inspecting the letters under magnifying glasses.

"We break a job up into several operations," explains a foreman. "Whereas we once had three men, doing three operations each, we now have three women in a group, each concentrating on one operation."

Enough Work For All

Voluntary workers from Europe have eased things a little, but the supply is now almost exhausted. Most of the foreigners who wish to work in England have already arrived. In Leicester they have been given a good welcome. They receive the same rates as local workers but there is no resentment and no question of competition. There is more than enough work for everybody.

Up in the enamelling shop at Imperial's assembly department, Heinrich Gertke, slightly built and thin, wearing a blue boiler suit. He came to England as a prisoner of war, married a Leicester girl from Imperial's assembly department, and settled in Leicester. He now spends most of his time inside a paint booth, wielding a compressed-air spray gun.

Air pressure in the room is controlled so that no dust can enter. Air coming in from outside passes through a system of oil film filters. The compressed air in the guns is also elaborately cleaned to remove oil, water or dust. There is plenty

The wife who found going back to work suited her. Violet Wain at home with husband Leslie and Sandra

of light from the enormous windows that run along the whole of one wall, giving a panoramic view of the city.

He works swiftly and carefully, lifting top plates and bases from the conveyor chain, giving them three coats inside the spraying hood and hooking them on to metal racks to be drawn along to the drying oven. When the enamel comes in contact with the heat, two ingredients in the paint begin to "fight" and a matt crackle finish is produced.

In a standard model typewriter, there are 120 enamelled parts. Before these parts reach the paint guns, they are de-greased in a trichlorethylene vapour bath and boiled in a "Bonderizing" solution which gives the surface a "bond" on which the enamel can adhere.

Typical of Leicester's younger generation are Leslie Wain and his wife Violet, a happily married pair with a seven-year-old daughter named Sandra, both in the early thirties and both out at work. They could easily manage on Leslie's money—he is second adjuster at Imperial's and he has no complaints about his wages—but with two incomes brought home there is nothing they need go without.

Sandra already has every toy a child could wish for. "We didn't know what to get her for her birthday," says Leslie. "So we bought her a bedroom suite. Jacobean oak. You should have seen that kiddy's face! We have no trouble in getting her to bed, now."

The Wains have a house to themselves in Cottesmore Road, not a modern semi-detached but a house in a row, with grandma living a nice convenient distance away, four doors up the road. Most of their money goes on furniture and new curtains, carpets and kitchen gadgets, and clothes for Violet and Sandra, who both take a keen interest in dress. Leslie is a man of simple tastes. He spends very little on himself.

"We don't go out much," he says. "We like to stay in and enjoy our home. That's one of the advantages of having a working wife: after being out all day, she doesn't want to go gadding off at night."

Violet is a hosiery machinist, working for Martha Hill, Ltd., a firm making coats, dresses and cardigan suits. The term hosiery, in the knitwear trade, refers to any kind of knitted garment, not merely to socks and stockings. Her job is to embroider buttonholes, overlock seams and strengthen armholes. She prefers it to her former work of inspecting aeroplane parts.

Work Was Her Cure

"After Sandra was born, she began to get nervy and depressed," says Leslie. "She didn't like being at home. She missed the company. The doctor said the only thing to put her right was to get back to work." So, with grandma to take charge of Sandra, she soon regained her old high spirits.

In Leicester, married women who stay at home are exceptional. And it's not the money that is the big draw; it's the bustle and clamour of factory life, and, above all, it's the urge to keep their fingers busy. They're miserable when they have nothing to do.

Leslie Wain is a happy man, proud of his smart, dark-haired wife, proud of his child, his house, his household treasures, and proud, too, of his responsible work at Imperial's. Formerly a van driver, he learned his present trade when he was turned down for the Services, grade three. His work consists of adjusting the assembled typewriter units.

On his bench are rows of wrenches and box spanners, dust brushes and L-shaped twisters, queer tools known as pip benders for setting in ribbon frames, and metal weights for balancing on the keys to check the movements of the type segments. Sometimes he works on special orders. He may have to adjust a Hebrew machine with its carriage running in the opposite direction from usual, since Hebrew writing is read from right to left. Or he may check over a Sinhalese machine, designed for Ceylon.

"We had a fellow from Ceylon staying at the factory for a week," he says. "He drew out the alphabet, all curves and pothooks, and we cut the letters in type." Sinhalese is a language with accents by the dozen—half the keyboard is given up to them—and the machines are constructed so that, when an accent is typed, the paper remains still and the letter following after fits neatly under its accent.

At the moment, he is busy on an order for Belgium with a twenty-two inch carriage, wide enough to take foolscap, and a keyboard with the letters arranged in the French order. Instead of "Back Space" are the words "*Marche Arrière*," and instead of "Capitals" is the word "*Majuscules*." On the machine lies the Royal Coat of Arms and the coveted inscription "By Appointment" in English.

A few yards from his bench stands an automatic exerciser which works the space bars up and down and moves the carriage from side to side. On another exerciser, mechanical fingers rattle over the keys at a speed of nine hundred letters a minute. "It takes off the rough edges," says Leslie Wain. "It's the same as running a car in."

After oiling, the adjusted machines are taken to the top of the shop, where they are again inspected and tried out in normal working conditions by expert typists. "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog," taps a girl in a white cotton blouse, using the stock phrase that includes every letter of the alphabet.

"It's a bit awkward to write in English on the French machines," says Leslie Wain. "The letters don't come where you'd expect to find them. The typists have to do the speed testing in French. I don't know how they manage on the Hebrew machines."

Typists Find The Flaws

If a fault is found, the typist sends the machine to the adjuster with a small slip saying "Bell not ringing. . . . Feed not releasing freely. . . . Carriage grates on return. . . . Paper roller squeaks. . . ." If nothing is wrong, it is marked "Machine O.K." and is sent to the packing department to be embedded in wood wool, ready for the long journey by rail, ship, lorry, mule and camel-back.

Just after the first World War, the League of Nations Union named Leicester and the French textile town of Lille as the two most prosperous towns in Europe. The same might be said of Leicester today. There is work for men and work for women; and good money to be earned.

Since the days when the pioneer hosiery firms set up the first stocking frames and laid the foundation of industrial Leicester, the city has had a run of almost unbroken good luck. Even in the worst years of the slump the figures for unemployment were far below the national average. In contrast to Coventry, its rival city in the Midlands, where most of the workers are engaged in one industry—automobile engineering—Leicester's prosperity is largely due to its well-balanced industries and to the adaptability of its workpeople. During the last 150 years, it has grown from a small country town to a city of over 250,000 inhabitants.

Lucky Leicester was one of the few important towns which escaped the serious attentions of the Luftwaffe. A few factories were damaged. Freeman, Hardy and Willis had their boot and shoe works gutted. There was a bomb on the grandstand of the football ground, but there was nothing in the nature of a Coventry blitz. Today, you see no areas of devastation, no bombed sites.

Brightly Dressed Crowds

The whole city has an air of contentment and well-being. The shopping centre is always crowded with brightly dressed, cheerful people, not rushing but moving purposefully about their business—quiet, steady people like the young Wains, whose only wish is that the present conditions should continue.

But there may be a few restless souls like fifty-year-old Mrs. Schreder. Up at five in the morning and never idle until she goes to bed, she finds Leicester clean and healthy but dull. "There's nothing much to do in your spare time," she says. "Never any excitement. And I do like to see a bit of life!" THE END

STOLEN JOURNEY (9) by OLIVER PHILPOT

My disguise fools the Germans

A tense moment with the Gestapo on the Königsberg Express: a night in a German hotel: a trip around a U-boat base. . . . Oliver Philpot, third man in the remarkable Wooden Horse escape from Stalag Luft III, tells how he reached Danzig docks

AS DAWN APPROACHED on Saturday, October 30, 1943, I twisted and turned in my hiding-place. I was on a sort of island on a river or a canal on the outskirts of Frankfurt. A chill from the water, and from the earth itself, crept into me. I awoke and glanced at my watch. It was 4 a.m.—and scarcely ten hours since I had crawled out from the Wooden Horse tunnel on my escape from Stalag Luft III. I roused myself ready for the next move. This was to go from Frankfurt-am-Oder to Danzig—and quickly.

I packed my little suitcase, brushed myself down and stood stock still among the bushes. I could neither see nor hear anyone. The water farther down the slope gleamed coldly. I set off boldly along the path. Soon I was striding along the streets of Frankfurt in the early morning. My shoes clattered, but what of that? I was no longer a p.o.w. I was Jon Jörgensen, a Norwegian business man touring Germany, and going to Küstrin on business. Here, I had a real ticket for the journey.

I was at Frankfurt Station now, and it was not yet five. I headed for a wash-and-brush-up cabinet in the station lavatory. Germans always did seem to bustle about early, and they were doing so then. Someone was already sluicing and splashing about in the cabinet. I stood, waiting for him to come out. Eventually he did, but by then a burly German with an aggressive roll of fat overtopping the back of his collar shoved himself in front of me. With a flourish of his inevitable black briefcase he shut the door in my face. Herr Fat-neck took twenty-five minutes. He did everything but have a bath.

When the offensive German had signified his last movements by a final loud spit into the basin, and an aggressive clicking-shut of his briefcase, he emerged, as unmoved and as impassive as a stone Buddha. I went in. Soon I came out well washed, clean-shaven (with a new blade), wearing a clean collar and well-polished shoes. Sand and bits of grass from my sleeping-place were all brushed off with my little clothes brush.

The ticket-collector, once I had seen that he had no ominous figures at his elbow, was by now no more alarming a person than one at Charing Cross Station in London. Already it was routine. I got into a third-class compartment of the Küstrin train and sat on a wooden seat in the corner. I was alone in it, but the partition between me and the next compartment was only half-way to the roof, and some people were talking next door. I suddenly felt very tired. I was beginning to get ups and downs; my morale graph moved vividly.

Before the train started a little man got into my compartment. A little German civilian with that objectionable knack of looking fit, clear-eyed and talkative in the early hours of

Illustration by Zelinski

I struggled to hide my excitement from the Germans. The little harbour boat was now passing a Swedish ship. If only I could board her, I'd be free

the morning. He had his briefcase, and was generally well organized. Almost deliberately he sat down in the corner opposite me. I pretended to be fast asleep. I did not need to remind myself of the intelligence bulletin I had read at Leuchars—something to the effect that: "When travelling by train it is advisable to simulate sleep to avoid conversation in circumstances which might prove embarrassing to the escaper."

After what seemed an age, the train arrived at Küstrin. I was beginning to know the form at railway stations by now, and, after alighting, I headed straight for the booking hall and bought my ticket for Danzig. As I had some time to kill before the next train, I locked myself in a lavatory cabinet, cleaned myself up as usual, and ate some of my chocolate "dog-food." It was very difficult to bring myself to tear up my very fine *Vorläufige Ausweis*—temporary passport—and *Polizeiliche Erlaubnis*—police pass—which had taken Jon to Küstrin supposedly from Breslau. They were beautiful documents; it hurt to rip them up. But they were now liabilities. Jörgensen's story for the next stage of his journey had altered, and had got a lot simpler. He merely came from Dresden to Küstrin, and now was off to Danzig. A much more likely story, geographically, and to back it up "Dean and Dawson" had made him a second set of documents—again a temporary passport and police pass.

I got them out from under the false bottom of my little box and placed them in my wallet ready for action. Then I walked out and made my way into the station café and bought myself a cup of poor-tasting coffee. Before long there was movement to the platform. I followed. Dead on time, and looking tremendously important, in came the Königsberg Express from Berlin. I selected a third-class coach, carefully making sure that it was not for soldiers only. I had to push a bit to get in, the crowd was so thick. Inside it I kept near a door as usual. I was due for many hours here, and conversation must be avoided. I leant up against the rail running along by the corridor window. I also schooled myself for a pretty severe paper check. The Königsberg Express would scarcely go unexamined.

The great thing about the express was its speed. It wasted no time. Fields, woods and villages flashed by. I sat on my little case and, being tired, went to sleep. I fell off the case and as I woke up said "Damn." Mistily realizing what I had done I tried to change it, rather unconvincingly, to "*Donnerwetter.*" A chubby German schoolgirl unwittingly saved the situation by laughing with a noise like a soda-siphon, which set everybody else off. The queer foreigner must have cut a comic figure to them. But I did not join in—laughter can bring friendliness and talk—but acted the "poor sport" and just glared out of the window.

Voice Of The Gestapo

Somewhere down the corridor there was a disturbance. You could have recognized it anywhere; in the Royal Scot or the Cornish Riviera. It was the ticket collector examining tickets. Pocket wallets were produced; women opened handbags. The blue uniform approached. I showed him my ticket. He thanked me courteously. This was quite an escape, I was thinking, and what luck, no paper check, just a ticket check. I stared contentedly at the fields flitting by. Life seemed good, time passed.

"This is the Secret Police here—I would like to see your passport." The voice came, right out of the blue, by my left ear. I just avoided jumping and turned to face a smart-looking civilian with a smooth, oval, white face, a grey trilby, and a black top-coat. My drill came into action almost without conscious thought. My black wallet came out. From it, all ready for action, I produced the top paper—my *Vorläufige Ausweis*. To the best of my knowledge this was the first time one of these Sagan temporary passports had been offered for scrutiny to an enemy official. Unless, of course, Bill and Mike had already flashed theirs on the Stettin train. We were the (willing) guinea-pigs. It needed some explanation. I offered it—rather slowly on purpose to give an impression of calmness. "You see . . . I'm a Norwegian. My proper passport is with the Dresden police . . . they have given me this to go to Danzig with on business."

The plain-clothes man nodded wisely. "Then you will soon be returning from Danzig?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "in two or three days." (This was, of course, only too likely.) But he went on looking at my passport. I gazed out of the window, trying hard not to care at all.

"If the Dresden police had stamped the photograph, it would have been fully in order," he said, looking at me, and pausing. I tried to contrive the what-the-hell-do-I-know-about-the-confounded-formalities look. "However," he went on, folding it over and handing it back to me, "it will do." I pressed forward against the window to let him squeeze by behind me. Hang on, I thought, the little bastard will still be watching you while he examines the next man. I glared again at the north-east German countryside, thinking how lucky it was that he hadn't spotted that the photo wasn't of me at all. For lack of anything better, it was an excellent one of an officer called Rusty, with a broad face, quite unlike mine, set off with a Flying Officer Kite handlebar moustache.

At about 4 p.m. the express came into Dirschau. We were all shouted at by loudspeaker and many of us got out and made our way to another platform. A train was waiting to take us to Danzig, the loudspeaker said. Danzig! It was all very heartening.

As the train moved along I kept a close lookout. I wanted to memorize possible routes and hiding places. To my surprise the "forest land" on my p.o.w. map turned out to be largely factory space, yards where timber was kept, or warehouses. Anyway, it had been fun as a p.o.w. drawing little green trees. Soon we came to houses, office buildings and streets. I was actually approaching Danzig—a city which was only separated from neutral territory by water, the Baltic.

And Now For The Ships

I left the express at Danzig's main station at five o'clock. I felt by now full of confidence and I did not worry about a reception committee; I thought it most unlikely and my supposition was accurate. I walked into the luxurious station buildings, past the ticket collector who gave no trouble.

Twenty-two hours and fifty-five minutes before this, three black and sandy ghosts had crawled out of a hole in Silesia, right down there on the map of Sagan, hundreds of kilometres away. I had planned to be here in Danzig by 8.30 that morning, but 5 p.m. was still reasonable going. Now I could forget about express trains and concentrate on ships.

All I knew of Danzig was contained in an 1885 encyclopaedia plan of the city. I knew that it had a cathedral, a lot of waterways, and some docks out on the north-eastern bank of the Vistula where Swedish ships were alleged to take on coal. You reached these by a No. 8 tram which chased out along the western bank of the river, leaving you to cross by a ferry—which I did not like the sound of—and over to the eastern bank to near the Swedish dock. You would end up close to where there was a stern note on my rough map which said: "Avoid this spot." It all seemed a bit of a mixture.

However, I decided that this was the right point in my journey for a little celebration. I

Philpot made one of the fastest p.o.w. escapes of the war. Travelling in disguise on German trains, he crossed 300 miles of enemy territory in twenty-three hours from time of breakout

went into the station café and ordered a beer. All the Germans around me talked like mad, many of them leaning aggressively over the table tops and arguing with one another across dishes of food. Nobody found Jon Jörgensen at all interesting—yet, who was that over on the far side? He looked a bit familiar. It was my oval-faced plain-clothes man of the Secret Police, from the Königsberg Express.

My beer was finished and now there was an added reason to go. Trying desperately to look casual I picked up my attaché-case, R.A.F. gloves and black Anthony Eden, and walked slowly out.

I left the station, and the blackout enveloped me like a comforting blanket. There was an impatient clanging noise and a tram came along. It was a No. 8—my number. Hoping that it was going north, not south, I swung on to the platform, and jangled away into a maze of dark streets. "*Neufahrwasser, bitte,*" I asked, and got my ticket. Neufahrwasser was on the west bank, just opposite my Swedish docks.

I Recce The Docks

A tram ride in the darkness in an English provincial city which you don't know is trying enough if you have to get off at a certain point, but this No. 8 tram ride along the German naval base was more frustrating. I had nothing to go by except side streets with blackout lighting. It was an apparently endless journey. I did not want to go to the terminus, but to get off before that and to try to get to the Vistula bank in order to survey from afar the Swedish dock. I wanted to get on a ship that night.

I decided to chance leaving the tram. It came to a clattering halt, and I got out. Moving briskly, I walked on through the streets, heading north when I could, into Neufahrwasser. Before I quite realized it I came to a downward slope in the roadway which clearly led to the ferry which crossed the mouth of the Vistula to near the Swedish dock on the other side, at Weichselmunde. There were the usual dockside warehouses and so forth.

I stood still in the street under the blackout lights and fiddled about filling up my pipe . All the time I cast frequent glances at the scene in front of me. This was the ferry. Just "ferry" on my map; nothing more. No "Beware guard" or other warning note. Yet it was at the entrance to an enemy U-boat base. It was a small passenger boat of about tugboat size, and was moored at a jetty which lay between the buildings. Lamps gleamed down on the scene, and sailors, civilians, men and women alike, streamed on to the boat and either dived into the cabin or sat about on deck. You had to buy a ticket. I struck another match. Yes, that was so, but a paper check, a passenger scrutiny, no . . . I didn't think so. I puffed a cloud of tobacco smoke into the night air, walked on to the jetty and boarded the boat.

I sat on a bench on the open deck with plenty of other people. It was a cool but fine night. The engine-room telegraph rang, and the little ferry pulled away from Neufahrwasser and nosed out into the broad Vistula. As I felt the vibration of the engine, and lift and fall of the vessel on the water, and smelt the tang of the salty air, I looked around with renewed confidence. Life felt good. Once again I felt that Jon "belonged" in the heart of a German crowd. I held on to my Anthony Eden in the fresh night breeze.

Buying a ticket was routine, and easy. The old conductor paid me no special attention. In a few minutes we approached our landing stage on the east bank. It was somewhat to the north of the Swedish dock, which I could not see into properly as we approached. Keeping to my usual practice I let most of the crowd file away ahead of me before I followed. Going in fits and starts, employing the pipe technique to the full while I looked ahead all the while to see if there were any sentries there, I got nearer and nearer the Swedish dock.

There was the tall wire fence screening and guarding it, just in front now. If there was a gate through it, I couldn't see a sentry on guard. No—there was no one. For the umpteenth time during the war I cursed my inability to see well in darkness. Now at last, yes, there were warehouses, and tall spidery cranes against the night sky. Quite a lot of light from those arc lamps all over the dock—much too much—and just there I could see the upperworks of a ship—its funnel. But what nationality? Swedish? German? Finnish? Danish? How could you tell these things? I saw a badge thing on the side of the funnel; it seemed to be a sort of squashed-up eagle—probably the emblem of a German ship.

Danzig's "embankment" where Philpot boarded the round-the-harbour boat arrowed on left

Avoid This Spot

I could not stay longer and there was no chance of getting over that formidable fence, and no point in trying until I knew if the ship was the one I wanted. The thing to do was to work inland, and, from another angle, approach the dock, which on the map jutted east like a finger almost at right angles from the Vistula. I had to find a Swedish ship.

I retraced my steps along the path, dodged east down a little roadway, and was now in the streets of Weichselmunde itself. At the intersection with the main street I looked down it towards the dock. Sure enough there was a gateway in the wire fence, with a light over it and one or two dark figures, obviously sentries. "Avoid this spot" was right. I pushed on down a side street to the east, aiming to get to what I understood was open cultivated land. This would, I gathered, run adjacent to the dock. Perhaps I could get in that way.

A little roadway led out into the open cultivated land. The houses were behind me now, and there were no people about. I began to feel nervous. Jon was a crowd man. Over on the right some hundred yards away ran, parallel to my road, a large wire fence. It guarded my Swedish dock and the ships hidden from me behind black warehouses. The fence was possibly crackable, but the trouble was that there was so much lighting. The arc lamps shone down on the fence, and without a bush or a trench or a building to protect me, getting through or over it would be a public performance indeed.

I decided to give up the dock area for that night. After all, it was Saturday night and I had only left Sagan on Friday evening. I had stuck my neck out enough. It was latish now and I needed hot food and sleep. I went back over the ferry, found the tram terminus and boarded a No. 8. It was clearly labelled "Main Station." In the station restaurant again I found it more crowded than ever. I took a seat at a table occupied by a German in a brown suit. He merely grunted and went on eating. "*Ein stamm, bitte,*" I asked the waiter, ordering a coupon-free dish, and following it up with

a request for a beer. The dish was brought. It consisted of potatoes and cabbage covered with gravy, but it was hot. I wolfed it down.

I left the restaurant with only half a plan. Above all I wanted sleep, and could only think drowsily of woods in the city suburbs. In the darkness of the streets I walked along, not knowing what to do. Then, on the other side of the street, I saw an illuminated sign—"Hotel Continental." That settled it. No damp pine woods for me; no arrest by German Home Guard fellows in the suburbs. I walked across the street and went into the hotel.

At the desk an elderly, disagreeable-looking German with tired, liverish eyes looked up. "I want a room for the night, please," I said in German. He shook his head emphatically. "No, no—there aren't any. They've all been taken."

"Well, where can I get in for the night?"

With very poor grace he telephoned another hotel. "No, that, too, is full up." I turned away, after saying "Thank you," and was almost at the door when he called down the passage to me. "Wait a minute. I think I can give you accommodation. But," he added, "you wouldn't mind sharing a room with another gentleman, would you?"

"Oh, no, that's quite all right," I heard my voice saying, as it told the biggest lie of the whole trip in quite extraordinarily even tones.

Forgery Test No. 2

"Now," he leant across his desk, "may I see your travelling pass, please?" I pulled out my latest temporary passport.

"But this is not a travelling pass?" he said, fingering my document and all ready to settle down to a good long talk about these things.

"It's perfectly in order," I cut in rapidly. "The railway police said so. My original Norwegian passport is still at Dresden, where they are keeping it for a few days." He looked down again at the pass. He never bothered about the photo, but the whole thing clearly worried him. He had apparently never seen one of them before—nor, for that matter, had many people.

I got out my second line of defence. I produced my *Polizeiliche Erlaubnis*—my police pass. The swastikas on this were, if anything, even better; it was very authoritative, very official. "Well, here is my police permit," I said in offended tones. "You see, in my case I don't need a travelling pass. This temporary pass will do, and just in case there was any doubt the Dresden police gave me the police permit which you have there." He continued staring at the police permit. I went on: "Both together they are *instead* of a travelling pass—for a temporary visit, like mine."

"Yes—yes," he said disbelievingly and handing me back my papers rather sullenly. "And now—please fill this up." I completed the registration form. "Room 420," said the manager without further comment.

"Good night," I said.

"Good night," he answered very coolly.

I now had a feeling that practically nothing mattered. Events were too big for me. I was feeling submerged. Downstairs was a highly suspicious German hotel manager who was very probably about to contact the police or the Gestapo, and I was now going along the corridor of the hotel to share a room with a German who might be a Stormtrooper, or a Gestapo man, or even my oval-faced

"Bring your voice down an octave or two. You're the wolf now, not Red Riding Hood!"

plain-clothes official from the Königsberg Express.

The door in front was numbered 420. I unlocked it and walked in through the double doors, boldly. I breathed again. There was no one there at all. Then I spotted a suitcase on a chair. I shut the door and had a look inside. There were some civilian shirts and a vest or two. Well, it wasn't a military man, then. I looked at our private bathroom. His sponge and things were lying about. I came back to the room. There were a couple of twin beds set out side by side with a friendly little table and lamp in between. His pyjamas lay on the bed nearest the bathroom.

When undressed there were a lot of queer things about Jon. His lack of pyjamas, his lack of nice washing equipment, his jacket which had a patch in it, and so on. I had to get into my bed before the "other gentleman" came. In seconds I was naked and in the bathroom. I was not going to be cheated of my first hot bath in two years. Besides, once Jon got dirty, he was lost.

I soaped and scrubbed away, straining my ears all the time to hear above the noise of the water the click of the door as the "other gentleman" came in. I dried myself swiftly, slipped on my R.A.F. shirt as a nightdress, placed all my things in my case, my clothes on top of it, and then the R.A.F. greatcoat to cover everything with its respectability. To cap the lot I put the Anthony Eden on the coat. It didn't look bad. I got into bed and soon fell asleep.

Enter The Other Guest

Some time later, in a semi-coma, I heard my room companion enter. I thought he was swaying slightly. I buried my head in the pillow, mumbled "*Nacht*" and lay still. He said something which I didn't catch. Probably he had slight remorse at coming in so late after a party, and he was quick undressing. Soon there was a click and the hand-lamp between our beds was switched off. We both settled down for the night.

I awoke at 6.30 a.m.—so the Rolex told me as it glowed under the sheets. I could do one of two things. Leap out of bed now, wash, shave, dress, and go before he came-to properly, or I could wait for the "other gentleman" to make the first move. The advantage of the former plan was that I would get clear of the hotel quicker, before, perhaps, men in uniforms dropped in to see Jörgensen. The advantage of the latter was that I did not risk showing the German my curious clothes and my lack of pyjamas. I made up my mind to get up at 7 a.m., and watched the hands of the Rolex slowly creep round towards the hour. My room companion was silent. He lay like a log.

To my surprise, at five minutes to seven he got briskly out of bed and went to the bathroom. I feigned deep sleep. He was quick. At 7.40 he walked out of the room, dressed and ready for the day, and without talking to me.

As the double doors clicked shut I got up immediately, washed, shaved and polished my shoes. I carved up some "dog food" and ate it. I drank some water, and renewed the contents of my little water bottle. Rescuing a p.o.w. map of Stettin docks which must have fallen under my bed, I packed up, paid my bill, and left. I had successfully survived a night in an enemy hotel.

Round-the-harbour Trip

It was a sunny Sunday morning outside. I wound in and out of narrow, deep streets, with old black-and-white houses on either side. Danzig was a lovely old town. Suddenly I saw in a narrow inland waterway a crowded little passenger boat of tugboat size. It was labelled "*Hafenrundfahrt*" — "Round - the - harbour trip." I glanced at the crowd gathered at a landing stage near Danzig's ancient Krantor, a huge overhanging crane worked by treadwheels. I had rarely seen such a carefree lot. I could see no paper check, so I joined them and got a good seat up on deck in the bows of the boat. Ropes were flung aside—an engine-room telegraph rang, and off we went. I got a ticket to the end and back. Right to the mouth of the Vistula and return into the city.

A large ship, a freighter-cum-passenger vessel with a sort of door in its side, came into view, just at the south-east end of the island of Holm. I looked at it for a fraction of a second before I noticed the long, sleek shape alongside it—low in the water. Of course, a U-boat mother ship with its offspring. Our boat went farther. There on the left—but I didn't dare look too obviously—were, nose to tail, one U-boat after another. I tried hard to memorize all that I saw for use when I got back to England—if I ever did get back, that is.

After we had glided past the last of the long, sleek U-boats we came to the freighters. We were now approaching the Swedish dock by Weichselmunde—the dock I had seen on the previous night. Soon we were within a hundred feet of the stern of a ship. I hardly dared to stare at it. I looked up when we got opposite. There was a large Swedish flag, with its gold and blue, floating over the stern. Underneath the rail on the rounded black stern plating was painted in large white letters for all the world to see: *ARALIZZ*, STOCKHOLM.

I could scarcely contain myself. Here was my ship. And I could get on it up one of those two cables which tied the stern to the dock. As if following my next thoughts, the boat took us a few yards past the wire fence which guarded the dock against intruders.

Birth Of A Plan

Quickly I began to plan how I should get aboard the *Aralizz*. I would come down the waterside path as far as I could go. Then on to a floating landing stage where the round-the-harbour boat was now pausing. Then along the dock wall, which had some horizontal wooden fenders, and it should be—yes, probably was—possible to swing out along the jutting edge of the wire fence and thus get to the dock itself and always to keep below the level of its edge. A sentry at or near the edge of the dock would see me, but one a few yards from the edge would not. On top of the dock itself there seemed very little cover. Railway lines, apparently, but few trucks, and an enormous crane which had a grab to load coal on to my ship. The latter was still fairly high in the water.

Our boat chugged on past the *Aralizz*, reached the terminus, filled up with more passengers and made its way back to Danzig. I was elated. The final plan was clear. I knew my ship, where it was, and how to approach it. A day attempt would be unwise if not suicidal. I had therefore time to kill, and a plan to make so that I would be at the required spot in Weichselmunde just at the right moment after darkness.

I felt as I had when I had first navigated an aeroplane. I had said to myself, out in the nose of the Hudson moving over the night sea, that I could get all my plans straight if only everything, the aircraft and its engines, could be brought to a dead stop for fifteen minutes, while I went over my calculations in peace and quiet.

But there was no rest, either then or now. I had to be Jon—and at the same time make my plans with uneasy haste. I walked in and out of the streets, past medieval houses and shopfronts, and underneath ancient inn signs. My mind whirred like a dynamo, but not, I fear, with the accuracy of one.

East Or West?

I was due at the fence jutting out over the water back there in my Swedish dock as soon as it was dark. I had to plan backwards from this point.

Should I approach from the west—that is from Neufahrwasser—and over by my ferry of the previous evening? Or should I approach from the east, which, inland, was largely unknown to me and where there might well be many hazards about which I knew nothing?

I thought it over. I wanted woods to lie up in during this Sunday afternoon. I was not going to walk up and down for the next five hours or so. I decided to go east and approach the *Aralizz* from that side.

NEXT WEEK: I break into the enemy docks and dodge recapture by inches

The thrill of riding wheel to wheel

by DON EVERITT

Families, potterers and hardriders are welcome in Britain's cycling clubs. Even the high-heeled glamour girls soon fall in—or out

Grace Dolling (left) cycles for pleasure. But club discipline is strict

BRITAIN'S 2,000-ODD cycling clubs have started a revolution in the cycle industry. In 1939 only one in fifteen machines produced for the home market was a lightweight club model with dropped handlebars; today the ratio is one in three. At last year's cycle show, gaily coloured club models were featured on every stand; eleven years earlier many firms did not exhibit even one among their sombre, black roadsters.

Surprisingly, the membership of the clubs which are popularizing these machines represents barely two per cent of the country's cycling population of 15,000,000. Their colossal influence is largely explained by the fact that eighty per cent of cycles are bought by or for people under twenty-five. And, as the sales manager of one large firm puts it: "When a boy wants a cricket bat he asks for the type Compton uses; now he wants a bike like the experts ride."

Adult cyclists are also learning that the scientifically designed club model is not the back-breaker they thought. "The difference between it and a roadster," says petite, thirty-two year old Grace Dolling, "is the difference between enjoyable and unpleasant riding."

Miss Dolling should know. When she joined the National Cyclists' Union South-West London section in 1937 she had just paid the first instalment on a woman's roadster. "About a year later," she recalls, "I had a spell on a gent's club model. I was converted immediately. It needed no effort to move it. It was more rigid; the position was more comfortable; the fixed wheel gave me better control."

The mistake of not taking expert advice before buying cost Grace a lot of wasted energy and cash. At that time she was in her teens and it was three years before she had paid for her roadster and could afford to buy a gent's club cycle. Last year she bought her third machine—this time in the true clubman style.

Made-to-measure Cycle

Initially, she and one of the clubmen spent an evening working out the size and angles of a frame to fit her, according to scientific formulae. She placed the order with a small specialist manufacturer, choosing her own colour scheme and a steel alloy called chrome-molybdenum for the tubing. From various specialist traders she then bought all her other favourite components—from the wheels even to the feeding bottle and toeclips. Back at home the clubmen helped her assemble the bits on the frame. Made to measure, the cycle cost her £30 and weighed 25 lb., almost half as heavy as her first roadster.

Today, cycling club membership is soaring as never before. The largest organisations, the N.C.U. and the Cyclists' Touring Club, with around 60,000 members apiece, have shown increases of 10,000 in the past year. One member in five is a girl. Grace Dolling's club, which recently celebrated its silver jubilee, has 150 to 200 active members aged from thirteen to seventy. They are split into four sections: social, potterers (in other clubs sometimes called the family section), intermediate and hardriders.

Curiously, club cycling is a highly regimented sport. For every run each section appoints a captain and vice-captain to take command. Both are jobs for experienced cyclists. The captain leads the way, sets the pace—and, subsequently, takes the wind. ("On a normal day," Grace says, "the people behind him and his partner have the advantage of a mile to a mile and a half an hour without effort.") Club rules lay down that the captain must never be passed. The vice-captain's job is to control the section from the rear, watching that they keep in tight, two-abreast formation—hardriders keep as close as three inches to one another.

Disobedience Is Punished

To maintain this order the captain and vice-captain use several recognized commands: "Easy"—if a rider is lagging; "All up"— when the formation is regained; "'Ware pothole in the middle"; "Lights"; "Oil up" or "down"—when a motor vehicle is passing. "Before the war," Miss Dolling recalls, "we used whistles (one blast—stop or start; two blasts —easy; three—all up; four—single file). But we've not bothered going back to that system. We decided it was a little childish."

The captain and vice-captain can take action against a member who disobeys their orders. One spirited youth, for instance, persisted in getting out of formation. He was reported to the appropriate committee which ultimately sent a stern letter to his home.

If a member wants a rest during a run or if a hill gets too tough for him he can drop a hint to the captain by calling out "The little man with the hammer is knocking" or "I'm taking a heavy parcel." Once, when one of Grace's pals eased up on a long climb, the clubman by her side promptly reached out to give her a hand and accidentally pushed her into the ditch. "The sequel was that they got married."

Speed, Grace tells you, is an important factor in a club's success. The potterers are bound by rule to ride at no more than twelve miles an hour or, within reason, the speed of the slowest member. The social section averages eleven miles an hour, the intermediate fifteen and the hardriders seventeen.

Grace adds that hardriding is quite a different thing from racing. "Many people think they're just crazy, cycling fast through the countryside with their heads down all the time. But they cycle mainly for physical exercise and exhilaration. You don't need much imagination to understand the thrill of cornering fast in tight, perfect formation and in silence except for the hum of the tyres. The feeling of speed—so they tell me—is greater than in a car going three times as fast."

When a new member joins the club Grace and her friends usually have to teach him *how* to cycle. She explains: "Most people pedal with an up-and-down movement, using their legs as levers. The right way is to turn the pedals with your ankles and feet. Of course, it makes you ache at first—I did for three months—but it also makes cycling so much simpler, less tiring and really enjoyable." (Grace does, however, still admit to occasional honking up hills—dancing on the pedals—a practice on which the old-school experts frown deeply.)

From time to time, every cycle club becomes the happy hunting ground of the local glamour girls. "They realize," Grace says, good-humouredly, "that there's a large percentage of males and, accordingly, they usually turn up suitably attired —in brief, tight shorts and revealing sweaters. Some even come in high heels and bring their handbags. Surprisingly, a lot of the chaps fall for all this. But most of the girls can't stand the pace and the others very soon discover that cycling calls for roomy clothes. They quickly fall in line—or out of the club."

The Housewife Hesitated

As might be expected, Grace takes her annual holiday on her cycle, usually with another clubgirl and two clubmen. Up and down the country both the C.T.C. and the N.C.U. have hundreds of appointed inns, cottages and farmhouses where their members may get late dinner, bed and breakfast for about 10s. There are, however, some areas without these hostelries, and finding accommodation in them often has peculiar difficulties. Last year, for instance, when the foursome asked for rooms at a cottage in one village, the housewife replied, hesitantly: "Well, I've two rooms you could have—but are you married?"

"Oh, no."

"Oh, well, I'm sorry. . . ." and the door was hurriedly shut in their faces.

Says Grace: "I don't know if she thought we were going to change rooms in the night, but that narrow-mindedness is typical of some villagers. They're shocked by our shorts and are too bothered what the neighbours will think."

For seven years Miss Dolling was editor of the club's magazine and last year she was also appointed social secretary. In the last two clubgirl-of-the-year competitions she came third and second respectively. With her recent election as the first woman general councillor of the N.C.U., her clubmates think that this year they've really got a winner—even though it's her thirteenth in the club.

THE END

A TOWN LIKE ALICE

by NEVIL SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY MACKINLAY

Part 7: THE MEETING . . . At Green Island, she would be alone with Joe for the weekend. There, she could wear her sarong—as Joe had always remembered her

JEAN PAGET HAD TRAVELLED half way round the world to find Joe Harman, an Australian she had met when they were both prisoners of the Japs in Malaya—to learn that he had left for England to find her.

I had seen Jean go (as family solicitor I am trustee of the legacy of £53,000 left to her by her uncle), and a few weeks later I had received Joe Harman. I liked them both. Jean was a young, attractive, shorthand typist when I had first met her and told her of the legacy. The news had made little difference to her way of living, but her first thought had been to provide something for Malayan villagers who had looked after her and other British women and children during the war.

At that time she had thought Joe Harman dead, crucified by the Japs for stealing food for her. But in the Malayan village, where she was having a well built for the women, she heard the news that Harman had not died.

She wrote to me at once. She had never, she felt, been fully alive since that terrible day of the crucifixion. There had been little time during the brief interlude of their friendship for real love to develop. But she knew that Harman was a man she could love. Now the world had turned upside down for her. She was off to Australia to find him. All she knew about him was that he had been a ringer—a cattle man—at Wollara, near Alice Springs.

And then Harman arrived in London. His first reaction, on hearing that Jean was a rich woman, was to get himself blind drunk, and try to forget her. What would a rich and attractive young woman do in the Australian outback? But I talked him out of that. It was up to Jean to decide.

Jean was finding out just what the outback was like. Alice Springs, she found, was a pleasant little town. It had just "grown"; nobody knew why. And Jean was interested to know why. She had seen other dingy, dead-and-alive little townships, ghost towns most of them, which made no effort to emulate Alice Springs.

She learned that Harman now managed a cattle station at Willstown, a dreary little ghost town, whose population had shrunk from 30,000, when gold had been struck, to its present 150.

Jean stayed at Willstown for a couple of weeks, and summed up the town's prospects. No young people stayed there any longer than they had to. There was no work for girls, and—without girls—little life for the young ringers. What Willstown wanted was light industry and shops.

She made herself a pair of shoes from local alligator skins. Her London job had been in the office of a leather manufacturer. Could she train local girls to make shoes? Could this be the answer to Willstown's problem—and her own future problem? For Joe Harman was on the way back. And on Harman depended her future.

* * *

WHEN the Dakota came next Wednesday Jean left Willstown for Cairns, where she would wait for Joe Harman. She took two days to get there because that was the unhurried way of the Dakota; they called at various cattle stations with mail and correspondence lessons for the children.

In Cairns she drove into the town and went to the Strand Hotel. Cairns, she found, was a prosperous town of about 20,000 people situated rather beautifully on an inlet of the sea. There were several streets of shops, wide avenues with flower beds down the middle of the road; the buildings were all wood and most had iron roofs. It looked rather like the cinema pictures she had seen of American towns in the deep South, with its wide board sidewalks shaded by verandas to enable you to look into the shop windows in the shade, but it was almost aggressively English in its loyalties. She liked Cairns from the start.

She wrote to me from there:

My Dear Noel,

First of all, thank you very much for telling me what you did about Joe Harman. You've evidently been very nice to him and, as you know, that's being nice to me. I can't get over what you say about him rushing off to England and spending all that money, just to see me again.

I don't know if Joe Harman will still be so keen on marrying me when he sees me; six years is a long time, and people change. I don't know if I'll be keen on marrying him. But if we were to want to marry, what he told you about Willstown is absolutely right.

It's just terrible there, Noel. I don't think any girl could come straight out from England and live happily in Willstown. I don't think I could.

And yet, Noel, I wouldn't want to see Joe try and change his way of life. He's a first-class station manager, and he'll do very well. Apparently the last manager let it run down, so they tell me, but Joe's done a good job in the two years that he's been there. I wouldn't want to see Joe try and make his life anywhere else, just because he'd married a rich wife who couldn't or wouldn't live in Willstown, where his work is.

Midhurst is in good country with more rainfall than in England; for a life's work it seems to me that the Gulf country is a far better prospect than anything round Alice. I wouldn't like to think that he'd left good land and gone to bad land, just because of me.

Noel, do you think I could have five thousand pounds of my capital? I'm going to take the advice you always shove at me, and not do anything in a hurry. If when I meet Joe Harman he still wants to marry me, and if I want to marry him, I'd like to work in Willstown for a year or so myself before committing myself to live there for ever. I want to see if I could ever adapt myself to the place, or if it's hopeless.

I want to try and start a tiny workshop, making shoes and handbags out of alligator skins. I told you about that in my last letter. It's work I know about, and all the materials are there to hand in the Gulf country except the metal parts. I've written a long letter this morning to Mr. Pack to ask him if he would sell for me in England if the stuff is good enough, and to let me know the maximum price that he could give for shoes delivered at Perivale. And I've asked him to make out a list of the things I'd want for a workshop employing up to ten girls and what they cost. I should think the lot, including £400 for a building to work in, would cost about a thousand pounds.

But I'm afraid that's not the whole story. If I'm going to start a workshop for girls, they've got to have something to spend their wages on. I want to start a shop to sell the sort of things that women want.

I want it to be a sort of ice-cream parlour with a few chromium-plated chairs and glass-topped tables. I want to sell fruit there and fresh vegetables; if I can't get them any other way I'll have them flown in from Cairns. There's plenty of money in the outback for that. I want to sell fresh milk there, too, and sweets, and just a few little things like lipstick and powder and face cream and magazines.

If I have five thousand of my capital, I should be able to stock the shop and the workshop and employ five or six girls for a year without selling anything at all, and by that time the income should be coming in, I think. If it isn't, well, that's just too bad and I shall have lost my money.

I want to do this, Noel. Apart from Joe Harman and me, they're decent people in Willstown, and they've got so very little. I'd like to work there for a year as a sort of self-discipline and to keep from running to seed now that I've got all this money. I think I'd want to do this even if there wasn't any Joe Harman in the background at all, but I shan't make up my mind or take any definite step until I've had a talk with him.

So what I want is five thousand pounds, please, Noel. May I have it if I want to go ahead with this?

JEAN.

I GOT this letter five days later by the air mail. I put it to one side for a couple of days because I never like to take any action in a hurry. After a period of reflection it seemed to me that I would be carrying out the wishes of the late Douglas Macfadden if I exerted myself to see that Jean Paget did not lose her money in this venture, and I picked up my telephone and rang up Mr. Pack of Pack and Levy, Ltd., and made an appointment with him for the following Friday when he expected to be in London on other business. He came to see me then at my office. He was a small, fat, cheerful man, very much of a works manager. He brought with him a brown paper parcel. They were shoes that Jean had made.

I turned one over. "Are they any good?"

"Depends on how you look at it," he observed. "For selling in the trade they're bloody awful. Look at this, and this, and this." He pointed out the various irregularities and crudities. "They're not even the same. But she knows that. If you take them as a pair of shoes made by a typist that hadn't ever made a shoe before, working on her bed with no equipment, they're bloody marvellous."

I laid down the shoe and offered him a cigarette. "She told you what she wants to do?"

He told me what he had heard from her. We talked for a quarter of an hour. At the end of that I asked him: "What do you really think about her proposition, Mr. Pack?"

"I don't think she can do it," he said flatly,

She came to him shyly. "Is this better, Joe?" Now she was no longer a strange English girl

"not the way she's thinking of. I don't think she knows enough about the shoe business to make a go of it."

I must say I was disappointed, but it was as well to have the facts. "I see," I said quietly.

"You see," he explained, "she hasn't got the experience. She's a good girl, Mr. Strachan, and she's got a good business head. But she's got no experience of making shoes to sell, and she's got no experience of keeping girls in order and making them bloody well work for their money. It's not even as if she was in her own country. These Australian country girls she writes about, they're just like so many foreigners to her. They may be willing but they've never seen a factory before—they won't have the idea at all. She's got to learn her own job and teach them theirs at the same time. Well, she can't do it."

"I see," I said again.

"I'd like to help her," said the little man. "She's on to a good wheeze, if she can put it over. I must say, when I read her letter where it says that she's paying seventy shillings for an alligator skin uncured, you could have knocked me down with a feather. That's damn' cheap."

"What can you suggest to help her?" I asked.

"What I thought was this," he said. "If she could pay the passage of a forewoman out and home, I'd let her have a girl out of my shop, say for the first year. I got a girl that's getting restless—well, a woman she is, thirty-five if she's a day. She's a married woman but she isn't living with her husband—hasn't been for a long time. She was a sergeant in the A.T.S. in the war, out in Egypt some of the time, so she knows about a hot country. Aggie Topp, the name is. You wouldn't get girls playing up in any shop with Aggie Topp in charge."

"Does Miss Paget know her?" I inquired.

"Oh, aye, Jean knows Aggie. And Aggie knows Jean. Matter of fact, Aggie came in yesterday and handed in her notice. I handed it back to her and jollied her along, you know. She does that every two or three months, getting restless, like I said. But I asked her then, how would she like to go out to Australia for a year to work for Miss Paget. She said she'd go anywhere to get away from standing in a queue for the bloody rations. She'd go for a year, if Jean wants her. They all liked Jean."

He was quite willing to do the selling for her. "Mind, I don't know if she'll be able to make a go of it on the prices we can sell at," he said. "I'll tell her what we can buy at, and it's up to her. But I'd like to give this thing a spin, I must say."

He got up to go, and I thanked him very sincerely. I wrote all this out to Jean Paget by air mail, and I believe Mr. Pack wrote to her by the same mail.

I think the news bucked her up a great deal. She remembered the gaunt, stern Aggie very well; if Aggie was prepared to come to Queensland for

a year that really was something. I think she was beginning to feel very much alone and among strangers while waiting in Cairns for Harman.

She wrote temporizing letters to us, for she would not make her mind up about anything until she had seen Harman. She knew the name of his ship, of course, from my letters, and she had no difficulty in finding out when it docked at Brisbane. A few discreet inquiries showed her that he must pass though Cairns to get to Willstown, and convinced her that he would have to wait for several days in Cairns because his ship docked in Brisbane on a Monday and the weekly plane into the Gulf country left at dawn on Tuesday; he could never make that connection. She had found out in Willstown that he stayed at the Strand Hotel in Cairns, and so she waited there for him.

She wrote to him care of the shipping line at Brisbane, and she had some difficulty with that letter. Finally, she said:

Dear Joe,

I got a letter from Mr. Strachan telling me that you had been to see him while you were in England, and that you were sorry to have missed me. Funnily enough, I have been in Australia for some weeks, and I will wait at Cairns here so that we can talk before you go on to Willstown.

Don't let's talk too much about Malaya when we meet. We both know what happened; let's try and forget about it.

Will you let me know your movements—when you'll be coming up to Cairns? I do want to meet you again.

Yours sincerely,
JEAN PAGET.

She got a telegram on Tuesday morning to tell her he was staying to see Mr. Spears, the owner of Midhurst, and he would be flying up to Cairns on Thursday. She went to meet him at the aerodrome, feeling absurdly like a girl of seventeen keeping her first date.

As the Dakota drew near to Cairns, Joe Harman must have been in a position of some difficulty. For six years he had carried the image of this girl in his heart, but, in sober fact, he didn't in the least know what she looked like. The girl he remembered had long black hair done in a pigtail down her back, the end tied with a bit of string, like a Chinese woman. She was a very sunburnt girl, almost as brown as a Malay. She wore a tattered, faded, blouse-like top part with a cheap, cotton sarong underneath; she walked on bare feet which were very brown and usually dirty, and she habitually carried a baby on her hip. He did not really think that she would look like that at Cairns, and he was troubled and distressed by the fact that he probably wouldn't be able to recognize her again. It was unfortunate that the inner light in her, the quality that made her what he called a bonza girl, didn't show on the surface.

Something of his difficulty was apparent to Jean; she had wondered if he would know her, while she was making herself pretty for him in her room, and had decided that he probably wouldn't. She had no such difficulty herself, for he would have changed less than she, and anyway he carried stigmata upon his hands if there were any doubt. She stood waiting for him by the white rails bounding the tarmac as the Dakota taxied in in the hot sun.

She recognized him as he came out of the machine, fair-haired, blue-eyed and broad-shouldered. He was looking anxiously about; his gaze fell on her, rested a minute and passed on. She watched him, wondering if she was looking very old, and saw him start to walk towards the airline office with his curious, stiff gait. A little shaft of pain struck her; that was Kuantan and it had left its mark on him. With her intellect she had known that this must be so, but seeing it for the first time was painful, all the same.

She left the rails and walked quickly across the tarmac to him and said: "Joe!" He stopped and stared at her incredulously. He had been looking for a stranger, but it was unbelievable to him that this smart, pretty girl in a light summer frock was the tragic, ragged figure that he had last seen on the road in Malaya, sunburnt, dirty, bullied by the Japanese soldiers, with blood upon her face where they had hit her, with blood upon her feet. Then he saw a characteristic turn of her head and memories came

flooding back on him; it was Mrs. Boong again, the Mrs. Boong he had remembered all those years.

It was not in him to be able to express what he was feeling. He grinned a little sheepishly and said, "Hallo, Miss Paget."

She took his hand impulsively and said, "Oh, Joe!" He pressed her hand and looked down into her eyes and then he said: "Where are you staying? How long are you here for?"

She said: "I'm staying in the Strand Hotel."

"Why, that's where I'm staying," he said. "I always go there."

"I know," she said. "Mrs. Smythe told me."

There was much here that he did not understand, but first things came first.

"Wait while I get my luggage," he said. "We can drive in together."

"I've got a taxi waiting," she said. "Don't let's go in the bus."

In the taxi as they drove into the town she asked him: "How was Mr. Strachan, Joe?"

"He was fine," he said. "I stayed with him quite a long time in his flat."

"Did you!" She had not known that part of it because I had not told her; I had told her the bare minimum about him since it was obvious that they were going to meet. "How long were you in England, Joe?"

"About three weeks."

She did not ask him why he went because she knew that already, and it was hardly a matter to be entered into behind the taxi-driver. He forestalled her, however, by asking: "What have you been doing in Australia, Miss Paget?"

She temporized. "Didn't you know I was here?"

He shook his head. "All I knew was what Mr. Strachan said, that you were travelling in the East. You could have knocked me down with a feather when I got your letter at Brisbane. Oh, my word, you could. Tell me, what are you doing in Cairns?"

A little smile played around her mouth. "What were you doing in England?"

He was silent, not knowing what to say to that. He had no lie ready. They were running through the outskirts of the town, past the churches. "We've got a good bit of explaining to do, Joe," she said. "Let's leave it till you've got your room at the hotel, and then we'll find somewhere to talk."

THEY sat in silence till they got to the hotel. Jean had a bedroom opening on to a veranda that looked out over the sea to the wild, jungle-covered hills behind Cape Grafton; they arranged to meet there when he had had a wash. She knew something of Australian habits by that time. "What about a beer or two?" she asked.

He grinned. "Good-oh."

She dragged two deck-chairs into a patch of shade outside her room; the beer and Joe arrived about the same time. When the waitress had gone and they were alone, she said quietly: "Let me have a good look at you, Joe."

He stood before her, examining her beauty; he had not dreamed when he had met her in Malaya that she was a girl like this. "You've not changed," she said. "Does the back trouble you?"

"Not much," he said. "It doesn't hinder me riding, thank the Lord, but I can't lift heavy weights. They told me in the hospital I won't ever be able to lift heavy weights again, and I'd better not try."

She nodded and took one of his hands in hers. He stood beside her while she turned it over in her own and looked at the great scars upon the palm and on the back. "What about these, Joe?"

"They're all right," he said. "I can grip anything—start up a truck, or anything."

He took a glass and sank half of it. They sat down together in the deck-chairs. "Tell me what happened to you," he asked. "I know you said not to talk about Malaya. It was a fair cow, that place. I don't want to remember about it any more. But I do want to know what happened to you—after Kuantan."

She sipped her beer. "We went on," she said. "Captain Sugamo sent us on the same day, after—after that. We went on up the east coast with just the sergeant in charge of us. I was sorry for the sergeant, Joe, because he was very much in disgrace, because of what happened. He never got over it, and then he got fever and gave up. He died at a place called Kuala Telang, about half-way between Kuantan and Khota Bharu. That was about a month later."

"He was the only Nip guarding you?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Well, what did you do then?"

She raised her head. "They let us stay there all the war," she said. "We just lived in the village, working in the paddy-fields till the war was over."

"You mean, paddling about in the water, planting the rice, like the Malays?"

"That's right," she said.

"Oh, my word," he breathed. "I didn't know that."

She said: "It wasn't a bad life. I'd rather have been there than in a camp, I think—once we got settled down. We were all fairly healthy when the war ended, and we were able to make a little school and teach the children something. We taught some of the Malay children, too."

"I did hear a bit about that," he said thoughtfully. "I heard from a pilot on the airline down at Julia Creek."

She stared at him. "How did he know about us?"

"He was the pilot of the aeroplane that flew you out in 1945," he replied. "He said that you got taken in trucks to Khota Bharu. He flew you from Khota Bharu to Singapore. He's working for T.A.A. now, on the route from Townsville to Mount Isa. That goes through Julia Creek. I met him there this last May, when I was down there putting stock on to the train."

"What did he tell you about me?" She looked at him and there was laughter in her eyes.

He grinned sheepishly. "All right," he said. He picked up his beer, but did not drink. "He said you were a single woman, Mrs. Boong. I always thought the lot of you were married."

"They all were, except me. Is that why you went rushing off to England?"

He met her eyes. "That's right."

"Oh, Joe! What a waste of money, when here we are together in Cairns!"

He laughed with her and took a long drink of beer. "Well, how was I to know that you'd be turning up in Cairns?" He thought for a minute. "What are you doing here, anyway?" he asked. "You haven't told me that."

She was embarrassed in her turn. "I came into some money. I think Noel Strachan told you about that."

"That's right," he said kindly.

"I didn't know what to do with myself then," she said. "I didn't want to go on working as a typist in a London suburb any more. And then I got the idea into my head that I wanted to do something for the village where we lived for those three years, Kuala Telang. I wanted to give them a well."

"A well?" he asked.

SITTING there with a glass of beer in her hand she told him about Kuala Telang and about her friends there, and the wash-house, and the well. Then she came to the difficult bit. "The well-diggers came from Kuantan," she said. "I thought that you were dead, Joe. We all did."

He grinned. "I bloody nearly was."

"The well-diggers told me that you weren't," she said. "They told me that you'd been put into the hospital and you'd recovered. I went to Kuantan. It's very peaceful there now. People playing tennis on the tennis courts, and sitting gossiping under that ghastly tree. They told me at the hospital that you'd asked about us." She smiled. "Mrs. Boong."

He grinned. "But did you come on to Australia from there?"

She nodded. "Yes."

"What for?"

"Well," she said awkwardly, "I wanted to see if you were all right. I thought perhaps you might be still in hospital or something. I went to Alice Springs. Then I flew up to Willstown—I sent you a wire at Midhurst to say I was coming!"

He stared at her. "Is that dinky-die? You've been to Willstown?"

She nodded. "I was there three weeks."

"Three weeks!" He picked up his glass, but sat with it in his hand, untouched. At last he said: "What did you think of Willstown, Miss Paget?"

She smiled. "Look, Joe, forget about Miss Paget. You can call me Mrs. Boong or you can call me Jean, but if you go on with Miss Paget I'll go home tomorrow."

He smiled slightly, "All right, Mrs. Boong. What did you think of Willstown?"

"We'll be late for tea, Joe, if we start on that."

"Tell me," he said.

She smiled at him with her eyes. "I thought it was an awful place, Joe," she said quietly. "I can't see how anyone can bear to live there." She laid her hand upon his arm. "I want to talk to you about it, but we must go and have tea now."

He got up from his chair and set the glass down. "Too right," he said heavily. "It's a crook kind of a place for a woman."

They went down to tea and sat at a table together, Joe deep in gloom. When they had ordered, Jean said: "Joe, how long have you got? When have you got to be back at Midhurst?"

He raised his head and grinned. "When I'm ready to go back," he said. "I been away so long a few days more won't make any difference." He paused. "What about you?"

"I only came here to see if you were all right, Joe," she said. "I suppose I'll go down to Brisbane and start looking for a boat home next week."

Their food came, roast beef for Joe, cold ham and salad for Jean. "What have you been doing since you came to Cairns?" he asked presently. "Been out to the Reef?"

She shook her head.

"Oh, my word," he said. "You can't go home without seeing the Great Barrier Reef." He paused and then he said: "Would you like to go out to Green Island for the weekend?"

She cocked an eye at him. "What's Green Island like?"

"It's just a coral island on the reef," he explained. "A little round one, about half a mile across. There's a restaurant on it and little sort of bedroom huts where you can stay, in among the trees. It's a bonza place if you like bathing. Wear your bathers all day."

Jean thought the suggestion had its points. They knew so little about each other, they had so much to learn, so much to talk about. Whatever else might happen if she spent a weekend in her bathing dress with Joe Harman on a coral island, they would certainly come back from it knowing more about each other than they would learn under the restraints of Cairns. "I'd like to do that, Joe," she said.

He grinned. "All right, Mrs. Boong, we'll do it."

DURING the quick dusk and the darkness they sat together for some hours, talking of everything but Willstown.

At ten o'clock they went to bed, prepared for an early start in the morning. They stood together in the darkness by the entrance to her room for a moment. "Have I changed much, Joe?" she asked.

He grinned, "I wouldn't have known you again."

"I didn't think you would. Six years is a long time."

"You haven't changed at all, really," he said. "You're the same person underneath."

"I think I am," she said slowly. "After the war I felt like an old woman, Joe. After Kuantan, I didn't think I'd ever enjoy anything again." She smiled. "Like a weekend at Green Island."

"There's nothing to do there, you know," he said. "You bathe and go out in a glass-bottomed boat to see the coral and the fishes."

They left next morning in a fishing boat, a motor launch with a canopy. For two hours they chugged out over a smooth sea, trolling a line behind and catching two large, brilliantly coloured horse mackerel. Green Island appeared after an hour as the tops of coconut palms visible above the horizon; as they drew near, the little circular island appeared, fringed round completely with a white coral beach. There was a long landing stage built out over the shallow water of the reef. They landed and walked down this together, pausing to

THE HUMAN MACHINE *by ROFFE THOMPSON*

A word to scorn

I OFTEN wonder if the word "impossible" has any real meaning. It's a wonderful alibi for physical and mental laziness—really nothing more than a description of something which, at the moment, we haven't the knowledge to achieve.

The chief object of amassing knowledge is to build the power to overcome the "impossible." A great French statesman once called it "that blockhead of a word," and told his secretary never again to utter it in his presence. And Napoleon curtly said: "'Impossible' is not French."

Don't fall into the trap of thinking that because you don't know how to do something, no one else does!

"My brother's sick . . . took his place for the day . . . don't know a darn thing"

look at the scarlet and blue fish playing round the coral heads below.

There were no other visitors staying on the island and they got two of the little bedroom huts in among the trees; these huts had open sides to let the breeze blow through, with an occasional curtain for privacy. They bathed at once and met upon the beach; Jean had a new white two-piece costume and was flattered at the reception that it got. "It's pretty as a picture," he said. "Oh, my word."

Her shoulders and her arms were tanned, there was a hard line above her breasts, brown above and white below. "That's where I was wearing a sarong in Malaya," she said, "while they were building the well. In the village we used to wear the sarong up high under the arms. It's beautifully cool like that and yet it protects most of you from sunburn. And it's reasonably decent, too."

"Have you got it here?" he asked.

She nodded. "I'm going to put it on presently."

As they turned to go into the water she saw his back for the first time, lined and puckered and distorted with enormous scars. Deep pity for him welled up in her at the sight; this man had been hurt enough for her already. She must not hurt him any more.

He had arranged a light lunch for her, cold meat and fruit; she was touched by the care that he was taking to make her weekend a success.

And after they had bathed, while struggling to eat a mango decently, she asked: "Joe, why don't places like Willstown have more fresh fruit? Won't it grow?"

"Mangoes grow all right," he said. "We've got three or four mango trees at Midhurst. Aren't there any in the town? I'd have thought there must be."

"I don't believe there are. I never saw any fruit in the hotel or anywhere on sale."

"Oh, well, maybe you wouldn't. People don't seem to bother much about it. Some places have every shade tree a mango tree. Cooktown, in the early summer you drive over them, all along the road."

"Don't the people like fresh fruit and vegetables? I mean, they get all sorts of skin diseases through not having them."

"It's too hot for the old folks to work in gardens, like in other places," he said. "There aren't enough people in the country to grow things like that. We can't even get men to work as ringers on the stations—we have to use two-thirds boongs as stockriders, or more. There just aren't enough people. They won't come to the outback."

She said thoughtfully: "There were plenty of fresh vegetables at Alice Springs."

"Ah, yes," he replied. "Alice is different. Alice is a bonza little town."

They slept on their beds in the heat of the day after lunch and bathed again before tea; in the cool of the evening they went out to the end of the jetty and fished. They caught some sand snappers and three or four brilliant red and blue fish which were poisonous to eat and had to be handled with a glove because they stung. Then tiring of this rather unprofitable sport they rolled up their lines and sat and watched the sunset over the heights of the Atherton Tableland on the horizon. They talked about England for a while and her home at Ealing, and then, after a pause, he asked her: "Are you going to live there again when you go home?"

"I don't know," she said slowly. "I don't know what I'm going to do, Joe."

Sitting together on the jetty and watching the sunset over the calm water, she had expected him to follow up this opening, and she was disappointed that he did not do so. She had expected more than this of him, and his reluctance to take the initiative was beginning to distress her. She had expected to spend the whole weekend on the defensive, in repelling boarders, so to speak, but so far things had worked out very differently. Joe Harman had not tried to kiss her or even to make opportunities of touching her. But for the fact that he had been to England for no other purpose than to look for her, she might have thought he wasn't interested in her at all.

It was no better when they parted for bed. She would have liked to have been kissed in the quiet darkness under the palm trees, but Joe didn't do it. They said good night in the most orderly way, not even shaking hands, and they retired to their own huts with perfect decorum. Jean lay awake for some time, restless and troubled. She had taken it for granted that they would arrive at some emotional conclusion at Green Island. She knew that her English ways were strange to him; he could not know how very willing she was to adapt herself to his Queensland life. Perhaps, too, her money stood between them. She did not think that so sincere and genuine a man would have any scruples about marrying a girl with money, but it might well make him shy of her.

She had a feeling that there was a difference between herself, a strange, wealthy, English girl, and an Australian girl from Cairns. If Joe Harman had been so much interested in a girl from Cairns, Jean thought, the girl would at least have been kissed.

Things were no better the next day. By tea-time they were finding that they had exhausted their light conversation; the restraint was heavy upon both of them and there were long awkward pauses when neither of them seemed to know what to say.

In the evening light they decided to walk round the island along the beach. She left him at the door of her hut and said: "Give me a couple of minutes, Joe. I don't want to go round the beach in this frock." She pulled one of the curtains for privacy; as she changed she thought that they had only one more day and so much to settle that they had not started on. She would get nowhere without taking a bit of a risk, and it was worth it for Joe.

In the half light he turned as she came out of the hut, and he was back in the Malay scene of six years ago. She was wearing the same old faded cotton sarong, or one very like it, held up in a roll under her arms; her brown shoulders and her brown arms were bare. She was barefooted, and her hair hung down in a long plait, tied at the end with a bit of string, as it had been in Malaya. She was no longer the strange English girl with money, she was Mrs. Boong again, the Mrs. Boong he had remembered all those years. She came to him rather shyly and put both hands on his shoulders and said, "Is this better, Joe?"

She could never remember very clearly what happened in the next five minutes. She was standing locked in his arms as he kissed her face and her neck and her shoulders hungrily. In the tumult of feelings that swept over her she knew that this man wanted her as nobody had ever wanted her before. She stood unresisting in his arms; it never entered her head to struggle or to try to get away.

The next thing that she realized was that they were in her hut. She never knew how they got there, but thinking of it afterwards she came to the conclusion that he must have picked her up and carried her. And now a new confusion came to her. A sarong held up by a tight roll above the breasts will stay in place all day if given proper usage. Now she could feel that it was getting loose and falling, and she had no other garment on at all.

Standing in his arms, still unresisting, smothered by his kisses, she thought: this is it. And then she thought, it had to happen sometime and I'm glad it's Joe. It's not his fault, I brought this on myself. I must sit down on something or I'll be stark naked, and at that she escaped backwards from his arms and sat down on the bed.

He followed her down, laughing, and her eyes laughed back at him as she gathered her sarong up with her left hand. Then she was in his arms again and he was hindering her. And then he said quite simply, "Do you mind?" She reached her right arm round his shoulders and said quietly: "Dear Joe, I love you."

He looked down into her eyes. "Say that again."

She drew his head down to her and kissed him. "Dear Joe. Of course I'm in love with you. What do you think I came to Australia for?"

"Will you marry me?"

"Of course I'll marry you." She looked up at him with fondness and with laughter in her eyes. "Anyone looking at us now would say we were married already."

He grinned; he was holding her more gently now. "I don't know what you must think of me."

"Shall I tell you?" She took one of his wounded hands in hers and fondled the great scars. "I think you're the man I want to marry and have children by. But I'd rather wait a few months and get our lives arranged a little first, Joe. Marriage is a big thing, and there are things that ought to be done first, before we marry. But if you say we can't wait, then I'll marry you tomorrow or tonight."

He drew her to him gently and kissed her finger-tips. "I can wait. I've waited six years for this and I can wait a bit longer."

They went out presently and stood on the beach in the bright moonlight, holding each other close. "I never knew a man could be so happy," he said once.

"Dear Joe. I won't keep you waiting any more than I can help."

She was so tired that when she got into her hut she did not light the candle but fell on her bed and loosened her sarong, Malay fashion, and slept almost at once.

Next morning, after breakfast, as they sat smoking cigarettes over a last cup of coffee, he said: "I've been thinking. I'm going to give up Midhurst, soon as Mrs. Spears can find another manager." She listened in consternation; what was coming now? "If we could get a grazing farm for fattening, in back of Adelaide, at Mallala or Hamley Bridge or Balaklava or some place like that, that's on the railway down from Alice Springs and not too far from the abattoir, that's what I'd like to do. I think we might be able to find a place like that only about fifty miles from the city, so as we could get in any time."

She sat in silence for a minute; this needed careful handling. "Why do you want to do that, Joe? What's wrong with Midhurst?"

"It's too far from anywhere," he said. "All right for a single man, perhaps, but not for a married couple. Now Adelaide's a bonza city. I'm a Queenslander, but I like Adelaide better than Brisbane. It's got streets and streets of shops, and trams and cinemas, and dance halls, and it's a pretty place, too, with hills behind and vineyards for the wine. We could have a bonza time if we got a farm near Adelaide."

"But Joe," she said, "is that the sort of work you want to do? Just buying store cattle from the outback and fattening them? It sounds awfully dull to me. Are you fed up with the outback?"

"You've got to make a change or two when you get married."

They had the breakfast-table between them, separating them much too far for their new-found intimacy; she could not deal with so serious a matter as this without touching him. "Let's go outside," she said. So they went out and found a patch of sandy grass in the shade at the head of the beach and sat down there together.

"I don't think that's right, Joe," she said slowly. "I don't think you ought

Continued on page 27

In sparkling waters–SCHWEPPERVESCENCE

in FRUIT SQUASHES –

Schwepperfection!

true-to-the-fruit–

LEMON ORANGE LIME GRAPEFRUIT LEMON BARLEY

A TOWN LIKE ALICE

Continued from page 25

to leave the outback just because we're getting married."

He smiled at her. "The Gulf country's no place for a woman," he said. "Not unless she's been brought up and raised in the outback and sometimes not then. I've seen some married people out from England try it, and I've never known it work. The life's too different, too hard."

She took his hand and fondled the great scars. "I know what you're afraid of. You're afraid that a girl straight out from England will be unhappy in the outback, Joe. You're afraid that you'll be trying me too hard and that our marriage will go wrong."

He met her eyes. "Too right," he said. "A man hasn't got a right to try and make an English girl live in a crook place like Willstown."

She smiled. "It isn't only English girls, Joe. Australian girls, born in Willstown, they run a thousand miles to get away from it."

He grinned. "That's right. If they can't stand it, how could you?"

"There's only one way to fix that, Joe."

"What's that?"

She smiled at him. "We'll have to do something about Willstown."

THEY spent that day in a curious mixture of lovemaking and economic discussion. "You can't tell me that a country with three times the rainfall of the Territory can't support a town as good as Alice," she said once. "I know Alice has a railway. Willstown's got rain and I know which I'd rather have for raising cattle."

"Rain's not the only thing you want for raising cattle," he said. "The better the feed, of course, the more calves live through the dry and the more you've got to sell. But there's a lot more to it than that."

"Tell me, Joe." She had his hand in a firm grip.

"One thing," he said, "you've got to keep that water when you've got it. It's true enough that Midhurst gets a lot of rainfall, but it's all gone in a flash. We get rain from the middle of December till the end of February and you'll see the creeks all running full in flood. But three weeks later, by the end of March, they'll all be dry again and the country as dry as ever."

"Is that what you want to build the dams for?"

"That's right," he said. "You could add a lot of feed to Midhurst if you had dams. Oh, my word, you could."

She released his hand. "How big is Midhurst, Joe?"

"Eleven hundred square miles."

"How many cattle does it carry?"

"About nine thousand. Ought to carry more than that, but it's dry up at the top end. Very dry."

"Suppose you could get all the little dams that you're imagining. How many would it carry then?"

He thought for a minute. "I don't see why it shouldn't carry double what's on it now. That would be about sixteen to the mile."

"You sold fourteen hundred head this year, didn't you?"

"That's right. Four pound sixteen a head."

"If you doubled the stock on the station you'd have another fourteen hundred to sell each year. That's—that's between six and seven thousand pounds a year more to sell. You'd be selling twelve or thirteen thousand pounds' worth every year then, Joe. It would be worth spending a bit of capital on dams to get that rise in turnover, wouldn't it?"

He looked at her with a new respect.

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

"Well, that's the way I worked it out. I told Mrs. Spears, I said, I want to keep a permanent gang of three men and a few Abos on this. Do a bit each year, working down from the top. Spend about fifteen hundred a year, you might say. There'd be less profit the first year, but after that it should rise steadily to nearly double. That's what I told her."

"She agreed, did she?"

"She agreed to spend the money. But that's only the start of it, the easy part. It may be years before I get the men."

She looked at him incredulously. "Years?"

"Too right," he said heavily. "Might be five years before I get the work in hand. You see, there's only three of us on Midhurst—whites, that is—me and Jim Lennon and Dave Hope. We've got to find three more who'll work out all the week up country, forty miles from the homestead, working with a pick and shovel mostly, and responsible enough to get on by themselves with only just a visit once a week or once a fortnight. Well, you can't get men like that. There are fewer people in the Gulf country every year. If it wasn't for the Abo stockriders, the boongs, I don't know what we'd do."

"Are there really only three of you—whites—running Midhurst?"

He put his arm around her shoulders. "When you come it'll be four."

She thought it would be five or six soon after that, but she refrained from saying so. "How many would you like to have?"

"You mean with eighteen thousand head of cattle, some time in the future?" She nodded. "I could use twenty on a station like that," he said. "That wouldn't be too many, not if you were running tame bulls in a paddock, to improve the stock. There'd be fences and stockyards and all sorts of things to make. I could use twenty white ringers and as many other hands as I could get. Oh, my word, I could!"

She said slowly: "Pete Fletcher said that there were fifty ringers coming into Willstown, using it as their town."

"That's about right," he said.

"If all the stations developed like you say," she observed, "that means seven times as many ringers, because there are only three of you now. Three or four hundred ringers in the district, all with wives and families, and shops for them and pubs and garages and radio and cinemas. There's room here for a town of two or three thousand people, Joe."

He smiled. "You'll be making it as big as Brisbane next."

"Joe," she said, "listen to me. Would you think it very stupid if I said I wanted to start a business in Willstown?"

He stared at her. "A business? What sort of business could you do in Willstown?"

SHE started to tell him about it. Half an hour later she said: "That's what I want to do, Joe. Do you think it's crazy? A little workshop with six or seven girls making alligator skin shoes. It won't cost very much, Joe—not more than I can afford to lose if it goes wrong."

"Six or seven girls all earning money at a job in Willstown?" he said thoughtfully. "You wouldn't keep them six weeks. They'd all be married—oh, my word, they would."

Presently she said: "I've got another shock for you. I want to start an ice-cream parlour."

"Oh, my word."

"I'm going to pay these girls a lot of money, Joe," she said seriously. "I've got to get some of it back."

He looked at her, uncertain if she were laughing or not. "An ice-cream parlour in Willstown?" he said. "It'll never pay."

"You wait till you see what I charge for an ice-cream," she said. "Not only ice-cream, Joe—fruit and vegetables, quick-frozen stuff, and women's magazines and cosmetics, and all the bits of things that women want. I've got a very pretty girl who wants to come and run it for me, a girl called Rose Sawyer who lives in Alice Springs."

He said slowly: "If you've got a girl like that to run it, the women won't be able to get in the shop. It'll be full of ringers."

"That's all right," she said, "so long as they buy ice-cream." She turned to him. "Joe, did you ever spend a Sunday in Alice Springs? The pubs are shut. Sunday's the best day of all for the ice-cream parlour at Alice. All the men who are in the bar all the week come along with their wives and kids on Sunday to the ice-cream parlour and put down ice-cream sodas and soft drinks. That place does a roaring trade on Sundays."

"Mr. Strachan told me you were a wealthy woman," he said quietly. "It worried me that did, till I got used to the idea. How much have you got? Don't tell me if you'd rather not say, but if I knew about how much I'd be able to help you more."

"Of course," she said. Nothing would come between them now, after last night. "Mr. Strachan says I've got about fifty-three thousand pounds. It's all in trust for me until I'm thirty-five, though. If I want to spend capital before then, I've got to ask him."

"Oh, my word."

"It is a lot of money, isn't it?" she said. "I want to do something useful with it. I don't know anything about real business. The only thing I know about it all is what Pack and Levy made. I thought if we could start a little workshop of that sort and a shop where women could get things they like—well, even if it didn't pay very well, it would be using money the way money ought to be used in places like Willstown."

HE bent and kissed her. "There's another thing, Joe," she said. "I don't know, but I've got a sort of feeling that there's more to it than just employing a few girls. You say the ringers are all leaving the Gulf country and men won't come to the outback. Well, of course they won't if they can't get a girl. And all the girls go because they can't get a job. For every girl I make a job for, I believe you'll get a man to work at Midhurst. Don't you think that's true?"

"I don't know." He stared out over the sea to the dim blue line of the Tableland. "It would certainly help to have a flock of girls around. It can be lonely in the outback, oh, my word."

She pulled his head down to her and kissed him. "I'm reckoning on having only about six months for business after we get married, and then I'll have to begin thinking of other things!" She smiled. "Joe, when do you start mustering?"

"After the wet," he said. "It was March this year because of the late season, but normally we'd start mustering about the middle of February."

"How long does the muster go on for?"

"About three weeks or a month. After that there's the branding of the calves and driving the stock down to Julia Creek."

"Could we get married after the mustering, Joe? Say early in April?"

"Of course."

She said thoughtfully: "That would mean that I'd have nearly a year from now to get it to the stage when I could leave the business for a month or two while we start your family."

He thought about this programme. "Jim could drive the stores alone down to Julia Creek," he said, "while we're getting married. We could drive down and catch him up about the time he got there and put them on the train. Have it as a kind of honeymoon."

She smiled. "I like your idea of a honeymoon." He grinned. "Is there anything to do in Julia Creek, Joe, except drink beer?"

"Oh, my word," he said. "There's plenty to do in Julia Creek."

"What is there to do there?"

"Put fifteen hundred cattle into railway trucks." He grinned at her. "There's not many English girls get a chance of a honeymoon like that."

To be continued next week

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

READERS with personal problems can obtain the help of John Bull's team of experts. Inquiries (other than medical) should be addressed to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

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WINGS OF THE MORNING

Continued from page 10

Maria altered with the passing of time, until the style was not of love but of friendship only, and my heart was heavy with anxiety. I was not repatriated until twelve months after the ending of the war.

I went first to the home of my parents and found my brother Gaspare working in the vineyard. He embraced me, but when he saw how it was with my leg, his face became grave and stern.

He said: "*Fratellino mio,* you have been long absent. You do not know how it has gone with us here. The times are very bad. Our father is old and sick and he does no more work. You, too, with your crippled leg, would be useless to me. I am soon to be married. It is a hard thing that I must turn away my brother, but there is not enough for the two of us."

I was very angry. I went into the house, and my father wept when he saw me. He had become infirm and like a child again. I asked him: "Is it true, what Gaspare says?"

And he said: "It is true. The farm is his. There is not enough for two."

AFTER staying and eating a meal with them, I went out to sit under the olive trees and ponder what I should do. I had wanted to ask news of Maria, but there had been a fear in me that I could not overcome. The fear that she was to marry Gaspare. As it turned out, the fear was unfounded. Gaspare's betrothed was Peppina, a waitress at the Café Lugano. No, it was not Gaspare who had taken Maria Piccola from me, though he had taken everything else.

I sat and pondered, and I thought, before I go to her I must decide what I am going to do. The problem was that I had no other craft nor trade, nor any resources. If I had lost my leg entirely I would have been granted a pension, but, though it was of little use and often pained me, I still possessed it, and therefore my case was not thought strong enough.

At last the thought came to me, it is only with my legs that I am useless. With my arms I am strong. Strong to row a boat and haul a net. *Ebbene,* since the land has forsaken me I will betroth myself to the sea. I will purchase a boat. A man with a boat has always the means to live. Most of the year there is fishing, and in the summer good money to be made from the tourists. It is settled. I will go now to Maria.

Directly I saw her I knew there would be bad news for me. And so it was. If the first blow of my homecoming had been heavy, the second was to be even heavier. She did not run to greet me. She hung back, and she was very pale. She said: "I am glad to see you, Nino." But I knew that she was not.

We went into the house and there on the mantel, facing me, I saw at once the cause of her silence and her shyness. It was a photograph of a man in uniform, a lieutenant in the American army. Young and very handsome. Another girl would have tried to hide it from me, but Maria Piccola was both honest and brave. She told me truthfully how it was with her. It was a simple story, *signore,* and one that has been told many times over during the liberation of our country.

As you may know, the Americans came to Capri in great numbers during the latter years of the war, to recover from their wounds and to spend their leave. Of these was the young officer in the photograph. It happened to each of them, Maria said, that from the moment they met they were in love.

Maria was troubled on my account, because of the suffering this would make for me. She did not explain it in a letter because, she thought, if I did not come back from the war it would be better that I should never know. So in this way it occurred that all Capri knew about it, but no one had told it to me.

The blow was very heavy, *signore.* But the good God sends us strength when most we need it, and so I did not reproach Maria. Instead, I asked her: "Where is now this American?"

"He is in his own country," she said. "He went away last summer. As soon as he is able, he will return to fetch me, and we will be married and he will take me with him to America."

I had to do something. I went back to the *porto* to make inquiry for a boat, but no man had one that he would sell. I had a little money due to me on my certificate of credit, you understand. It was not much, but it would have sufficed before the war to purchase an old fishing boat in workable condition. Now, however, it was merely a deposit on the boat that presently I ordered. A Naples boat-builder promised to lay the keel and continue work as I brought in more money.

Somehow I found work. I cracked stones and cleaned windows, I sold kettles and waded in the filth of slaughterhouses. Sometimes I found employment as guide or interpreter with the Allied Military Commission. Those were the good times. The others, when I slept on sacks in a bombed warehouse and begged my food from hotel kitchens, were bad.

For three years, *signore,* I worked for my boat. Month by month I took money to the builder and I watched the growing of my boat in grace and beauty and dreamed of the day when she would be mine. She and my girl, both. For in all my labours, in the hardship and the cold and the dirt and hunger, I never gave up hope of Maria Piccola, and the one dream was bound up in the other.

Every so often I crossed over to Capri to see and comfort her. The letters and small gifts from her *americano* had long ceased, and she had no more news of him and was growing pale and thin. I longed to embrace her and tell her that she was pining for a vain thing, for a man who had deceived and deserted her. But I held my tongue. I said to myself: "Have patience. She loves him and is faithful to him, but love cannot exist on hope alone. There will come a time when hope will die, and love with it. And then it may be that she will turn to you."

My father died. Gaspare was wedded to his Peppina, and Maria Alta married the engineer of the *funiculare* and went to live with his family at the *porto*. Myself, I was now in better circumstances, for I had a settled job as night porter at a big hotel in the Via Caracciolo. I had paid the greater part of the price of my boat, but I had still to earn enough to buy my nets and other equipment.

On the day of the *festa dell' uva,* the grape harvest, I came to Capri to talk seriously.

"Piccola," I said, "the time has come to face the truth. It is clear that your American will not return. Either he is dead, or his affections have changed. Now I, on the other hand, though I am ugly and simple, am a man who does not alter. I loved you when I was a boy and I will love you till I die. In six months more I will have my boat and the means to earn a living for the two of us. I do not ask you to love me, for that no one can promise. But I ask, very humbly, that you will give me the right to cherish and protect you."

She looked at me, the little sad dove, and her eyes filled with tears. "I am not worthy, Nino," she said. "I am not worthy."

"That is for me to judge," I told her. "Is it agreed, then, between us?"

"It is agreed," she said. "In six months more the waiting will be ended and I will be your wife, and it will be the same to you as if I loved you. This I swear."

And so we made agreement, and when I left the house that day there was no more pain in my dragging leg. It was as if I walked upon a cloud in Paradise.

THE winter passed and the time came for me to leave my work at the hotel and sail my boat across the bay to Capri, to begin my new and happy life.

Maria Alta, who was as a mother to her young sister, had found a little house for us on the Marina, and Maria Piccola had made curtains for it, and a quilt. She seemed happier, and always glad to see me.

On that day of spring, when my boat took the water like a bird in her bright new paint, the Capri steamer passed me when I was still some miles from the island. Capitano Manfredi leaned upon the rail, with Don Angelo, the priest who was to marry us.

"*Complimente!*" the *capitano* called, making a trumpet with his hands. "*Una bellissima barca.* What are you naming her? The *Maria?*" For, of course, my affairs were known. Among the Capresi it is not possible to have secrets.

"*Naturalmente,*" I shouted back.

"Am I bidden to the wedding?" he called.

"All Capri is bidden. In seven days from now."

"*Brava! Ciaou,* Nino."

And so with laughter and waving of hands the steamer passed with her pasengers. And some while later I, too, glided into the harbour and made fast to the quay. The first thing I had planned to do was to paint the name *Maria* on the bow, and I was going to buy paint for the purpose

"And I am confident your worship will take one look at my client and say 'There is an honest man'"

NOW YOU KNOW

IT may infuriate father, but baby-talk is a good habit. It helps a child to speak. After first cries of pleasure and discomfort, your baby will babble and coo for hours. By imitating you he will gradually produce words. Constant hushing can retard speech; excessive fussing may make him too lazy to talk.

Don't worry if your child is slow to start: he may not say a word until he's three years old, then break into speech with a rush. When he is about three he should have a 100-word vocabulary. If he is still very backward at this stage, take him to the doctor or your local Child Welfare Clinic.

when I saw Maria Alta running to meet me. I thought that she was coming to welcome me, or to bring a message from her sister, and so I waited for her with a happy smile. Alas, the smile died quickly when I saw the look on her face.

"*È tornato l'americano,*" she said "The American has returned."

In such a way it can happen that all in a flash the sun is blotted out and the world is dark. At first I could not comprehend it. I gaped at her like an imbecile.

"He landed just now from the steamer," she said. "Already he has gone to her."

It is hard to recall clearly what happened next. I found myself after a time in the little house I had rented, in which was to have been held the *festa* after the wedding. But I do not remember how I came there. Nor do I remember how the revolver came into my hand. It was an English one, an automatic with three live bullets in the chamber, which I had found in an abandoned ammunition dump in Naples and kept as a souvenir. I looked down and saw it there, in my hand, and it was no mere lump of metal but a live thing that spoke to me, saying: "I am your friend, the only one that can help you. Without me there will be no wedding, no *festa*, no Maria Piccola, no happy life together. Have courage. Rely on me. You have only to take aim, pull the trigger and these blessings can still be yours."

I was a little mad, you see, with the shock and the anguish and the black and bitter jealousy. So I hid the weapon under my coat and I went up through the vineyards to the house of Maria Piccola and stood behind the lemon tree, a few paces from the door, waiting until the man should come out. I heard their voices, talking in low tones within, and sometimes a silence came. And in the silences I thought, she is in his arms. He is kissing her hair and her soft lips. Presently he will take her away from me, away from Capri for ever. Or so he thinks. He does not know, poor fool, that he will not be able to, because he will be dead.

A long time I waited, and gradually some of the madness fell away from me. I began to tremble with terror and to revile myself for the thing I had meant to do. What? Are you a wild beast or a fiend from hell, that you would take from Maria the light of her life? Of what account is your pain beside the happiness of Maria?

And so it was that when the door opened and the man emerged, the gun that had been levelled at the height of his heart was not fired. It had been thrown down and kicked away in loathing. I tried to hide myself, but I was too late. He was as handsome in his suit of fine cloth as in his uniform in the photograph.

He seemed to hesitate, and then suddenly he held out his hand to me. In my turn I hesitated, and then I took it, and so we stood, the white, smooth hand clasped in the rough and coarse one. And then he said, in very bad Italian: "You are Fortunino. I know you from Maria's description. Accept my felicitations for the wedding. You are a lucky man. I hope you will make her happy."

He walked away, leaving me dumb and stupid. It was some minutes before the meaning of his words had reached my brain. And then—— how can I describe it? It was as if one stood in a dark room and a curtain had been drawn, so that the sun poured in, and the perfume of the lemon blossom. I fell down in a swoon and lay there on the warm earth. And as I lay, a strange thing happened.

In my ears was a sound of the beating of wings, such as we hear when the quails alight in great numbers on our island. But it was not yet the season of the quails, so the sound was an effect of the mind only. Yet I heard it loud and strong, and it seemed that my soul was borne up on this rushing of wings into the blue vault of heaven and the wonder and beauty of the morning, so that I groaned for joy. A thing both strange and marvellous, and never to be forgotten.

WHEN I was able, I rose and walked like a drunk man into the house of Maria Piccola. I saw the photograph was gone from the mantel, and I said: "Piccola, I don't understand. Why did you send him away?"

She said: "I will tell you. It was because when I saw him again after so long a time, the spell was broken and I loved him no longer. He told me that he could not come to Europe sooner because he was entangled in his affairs. Perhaps he did not realize that for me the years of waiting had been empty and therefore harder to bear. He is not a bad man, you understand, but one who has not much understanding of the heart of a woman. Such a one is not the husband I am seeking. Also I found that, after all, I did not want to go to America."

"I think it was your pride, Piccola, and pride is a bad thing."

"No, it was not my pride," she said, "but the change in my heart." And then she looked at me with her beautiful soft eyes, and she said: "It is you I love, Nino. I have been a long while learning this, but I know it now with certainty. Come to me, my love, my heart, my dear one."

She held out her arms and I rushed to her, and we clung together laughing and weeping, both at once.

Do you still ask, *signore*, why I named my boat in memory of the hour when my soul was uplifted on the wings of the morning? THE END

THE YOUNG STARS AND THEIR HAIR STYLES

BARBARA MURRAY, and (*right*) ANNE GUNNING, are two of the young film stars who have welcomed the new fashion for short hair and have welcomed Pin-Up, too!

Short hair or long—

HONOR BLACKMAN and (*right*) LANA MORRIS, both choose individual, not-so-short hair styles. Both of them have Pin-Up perms, too, and both of them say: "Pin-Up gives such soft, natural waves right from the start!"

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2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated July 29, and in JOHN BULL dated August 5, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

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Throb Of Machinery
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Trespassing
Publicity's Spotlight
She's On Holiday, So
Open House
Hard To Find
Flies
Knowing How
There And Back
When Dad Went In
Packed Up
Tearing His Hair
At The Baby Show
The Alarm
Very Junior Official
With A Pinch Of Salt

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

First In The.....
Until We.....
To Make.....Easier
.....Something
When Men Were.....
Took The.....And

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

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THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 691

1. Quick-witted person is likely to have the better of it when these are exchanged
3. Shouldn't spoil the picture
7. Buttons ought to look
8. Hard knock may make a hole in cook's
9. You get something like a bouquet from fine ones
13. Light one must sometimes cause anxiety and discouragement
14. One need not now go to court so often with dispute about

Down Clues

1. The roots of one shouldn't defy exploration
2. Stirring story of mining disaster will contain not only tenderness but
4. Observant members of audience may detect an actor's false one
5. In a well-organized factory, manager should seldom have to
6. Some folk find difficulty in understanding people who do this
10. Even a weakling can exercise this with success
11. Doting mother worries when tiny tot's eyes are this
12. Professional acrobat prides himself on his performance being

£100

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UP TO

500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES

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3 BIG CHEQUES WON XWORD 686

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Larks. 4, Poison. 5, Mummy. 7, Wheat. 8, Snort. 12, Pats. 13, Fears. 14, Bond. DOWN: 2, Sight. 3, Vocal. 6, Morals. 8, Slap. 9, Full. 10, Sound. 11, Cane.

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1S		A	2P	S	■	3		A	R	4N				
	■	L	I	E	S	■	P	R	O					
U	■	I	T	■	P	5S	S	■						
M	6G	■		■	7A	L	I	■	E					
8P	A	■	■	9	E	A	S	■	■					
■		■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■					
10W	B	■	11	■	L	E	T	■	12					
I	L	L	U	M	E	■	A	T	E					
L	E	■	L	O	A	D	■	H	A					
■	691	13	L	I	P	■	14	E	T					

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

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In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated July 22.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

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MAN WHO HOLDS EUROPE'S PURSE STRINGS

Continued from page 9

was able to persuade the governments of member countries to agree to a detailed analysis of what was wrong with their economies. Furthermore, they were induced to open their books and reveal their trade secrets, information hitherto guarded more closely than the blueprints for secret weapons.

Once, during a particularly delicate meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers, when tempers were running high and the future of O.E.E.C. was balanced on the razor's edge of conflicting self-interest, the secretary-general jumped into the battle with a strongly worded analysis of the difficulties and a suggestion for their solution. The meeting was saved, and in a burst of feeling Sir Stafford Cripps scribbled a note of thanks in red ink on a scrap of paper and had it passed to the front desk where Marjolin was puffing abstractedly at his big cigar.

Since the day Bouglé spotted him as unique in the line-up of students reciting their badly digested facts, Marjolin has been rising steadily. When he returned from England and his commissioned study of co-operatives he entered the university and obtained a degree in philosophy and afterwards a degree and a doctorate in law. "My mother was working to help me and I was earning eight francs an hour correcting the French of a Czech professor writing a book on the philosophy of law," he recalls.

When the war broke out he was mobilized and dispatched to a meteorological station behind the Maginot Line. During the "phoney war" he became so bored that he began to study mathematics which, he says, "is always a good way to spend or waste your time, depending on the point of view." In May, 1940, he joined the Anglo-French co-ordinating committee in London and was subsequently one of General de Gaulle's economic advisers.

The Girl In The Café

It was while visiting America—in 1944 he became head of the French purchasing commission in Washington—that he met and married his American wife, the former Dorothy Thayer Smith, a Government secretary. With the guileless amiability which has endeared him to the entire secretariat of O.E.E.C., he struck up a conversation with the attractive girl lunching at the next table of the crowded café on Connecticut Avenue. Not long after the two were married.

Back in France he occupied high economic posts in the national government, from which he gravitated naturally to international discussions on Marshall Aid plans and eventually to the organization of recipient nations formed to administer it. In April, 1948, the convention of O.E.E.C., which he had helped to draft, was signed by the foreign ministers of the member countries, who unanimously appointed Marjolin as secretary-general.

When the young economist's name was first mentioned for this post British officials were afraid that any organization located in Paris and headed by a Frenchman whose deepest concern had lately been the economic affairs of his own country would be more French than international. But Marjolin, always at

heart an internationalist, was the first to become Europeanized.

Now, much to the disgust of his countrymen, he refers to them in meetings, with a pronounced Gallic roll' to his r's, as "our French colleagues." They refer to him bitterly as our "former compatriot," and even charge him with the unpardonable crime of having become British.

He likes to say of himself that he is influenced by his admiration for the British way of working, the French way of thinking and the American way of life. He denies that he is pro-British but he thinks there may be some justification for the accusation when he recalls an incident in the library of London's Reform Club in 1941.

One night he was courteously addressed by a splendid-looking old man who also frequented the library. When Marjolin confessed that he represented the Free French Government in London the old gentleman was nonplussed. "Now that's funny," he commented, "I never dreamed you were Free French, you look so Reform Club."

Planner Without Routine

Marjolin is a convinced planner. "Planning by countries is just as essential as planning by companies," he says. For a man who adheres so strictly to this belief his own day is, surprisingly enough, completely lacking in routine. At about nine thirty every morning one of O.E.E.C.'s chauffeur-driven cars glides into the driveway of Château de la Muette, former home of the Paris Rothschilds and now headquarters for O.E.E.C. Marjolin jumps spiritedly out and briskly mounts the stairs through the tapestried hall to his office on the second floor.

He lives modestly in a flat in Neuilly with his wife and two small children. His only permanent servant is a cook, who is assisted by a daily *femme de ménage*. Rather than work late at the Château de la Muette he will sometimes take his work home, but he tries not to.

No matter how busy he is Marjolin always has time to think of his staff. Before anyone is dismissed, Marjolin insists that the case be thoroughly checked, often demanding to review it himself. Once recently, when a minor employee was to be sacked, Marjolin ordered a full report of his economic circumstances. This revealed that he was hard up, so he was kept on the staff until he found another job. Marjolin, says his secretary, never forgets his own struggles.

He drives a car, a modest Citroën, and, besides reading, his one recreation is listening to music, a taste which he acquired in England during the war, when he went nearly every day to listen to the luncheon concerts at the National Art Gallery. His favourite composer is, he says, "unquestionably Bach."

Marjolin admits that Europe's economic ills, towards which he takes a hard-headed view, are far from cured. Nor is he at all sure that O.E.E.C. can lead the way through the troubles which plainly lie ahead.

But no matter what happens, the secretary-general sees O.E.E.C.'s biggest achievement as the readiness with which nations now discuss their problems with other countries before taking a measure which may affect them.

"The economic nationalism of the thirties has gone," he says. "And, like all big things, it happened without anybody noticing it." THE END

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PRACTICAL RESULTS

Student 171/102.—I have sold my story to **EVERYWOMAN** for 25 guineas. *Student* 1166/156.—The **B.B.C.** accepted the script for the Light Programme—fee 9 guineas—after my first lesson! *Student* 141/76.—The article which I wrote for the Second Test Paper appeared in the **SUNDAY MAIL**. Thanks for the recommendation. *Student* 2317/185.—I am pleased to say that my article for Lesson Two has been accepted by the magazine **TRAVEL**. *Student* 2003/1610.—The Course has already borne fruit, for I have sold an article to **PSYCHOLOGY** for 2 guineas. *Student* 1834/152. . . . together with cheque, which I obtained from the **CHRISTIAN HERALD** for the article which I originally wrote for the Second Test Paper. *Student* 761/2812.—I have just sold my first story to **FAMILY STAR** for 4 guineas, and am I thrilled! *Student* 473/28.—I have had my first short story accepted by the Editor of **HOME REVIEW**. *Student* 1437/217.—. . . on your advice I sent my article with a covering letter to the **LIVERPOOL ECHO** and barely three weeks had elapsed before I had the pleasure of seeing it in print. *Student* 1328/2110.—**GLAMOUR** have paid me 7 guineas for a short story and the **B.B.C.** has accepted a fairy story, to be adapted for the Children's Hour. *Student* 984/227.—I also have to report the sale of a further fairy story to the Co-operative Press, for inclusion in their **SUNSHINE ANNUAL**, payment 2 guineas. *Student* 1516/69.—**MODERN WOMAN** have paid 5 guineas on acceptance of my article. *Student* 181/282.—You may be interested to hear that yesterday I had a letter from the Editor of the **ARGOSY**—they have offered me 25 guineas for my story. *Student* 3577/3015.—I have had my story accepted by **BLACKWOODS**, who are paying me £25 for it; also one or two others, at smaller rates of course, for service magazines. *Student* 120/28/8.—I have established contact with the Editor of **PUNCH**. The item was accepted for Charivaria and is a good start. *Student* 591/28/7.—I am sure you will be pleased to know that my article submitted for my Second Lesson was published in the **DAILY MIRROR** and I received 6 guineas for same. *Student* 848/129.—I hope you will be as pleased as I am that my article, submitted for Test Paper Two, has been sold, on your advice, to **MEN ONLY**. *Student* 1954/157.—I have just corrected a proof of my story for **WIDE WORLD**—they have since accepted another and I have sent in a third. *Student* 778/2119.—I thought it might interest you to know that **THE COUNTRYMAN** has accepted a short article of mine on an old country custom. *Student* 820/1310.—I had 7 guineas for my story, which appeared in **WOMAN'S COMPANION**; I also had an article published recently in **FARMER AND STOCK-BREEDER**. *Student* 4135/7130.—I have sold an article to the **COVENTRY EVENING TELEGRAPH**—they are sending me a cheque for 5 guineas. *Student* 184/315.—As you suggested, I submitted the article to the **NEW STATESMAN**. One was published on July 17. *Student* 1404/6/5/49.—I am pleased to tell you that the article which I wrote for Test Paper Two and submitted on your recommendation, to **CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER**, was accepted. *Student* 988/226.—The magazine which accepted my story was **RED STAR WEEKLY**—they paid me 4 guineas. *Student* 1173/58.—The article has been accepted by **LONDON OPINION**, having earned 4 guineas. *Student* 1813/173.—My story was published in the June issue of **ARGOSY** and I have just had a letter from the Editor offering me 8 guineas for a second one. *Student* 187/43.—I have sold my first short story prepared for Lesson Eight, to **HOME NOTES** for 12 guineas. *Student* 1905/1387.—I have had an article, about 2,000 words, published by the **WEST SURREY GAZETTE**.

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